TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 22, No. 13 | Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors. Offices: 28 Adelaide Street West | TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 9, 1909 | TERMS Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum [in advance], $2. | Whole No. 1101

THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN the people govern themselves one of the peculiar advantages of the system is that if they make a blunder they learn something. Instead of a blunder being proof of their inability to govern, it really increases their capacity for the task. When a despot commits an act of misgovernment it may teach him nothing; he may not learn of it, for nobody cares to carry ill-news to him; or, while it may injure the many, it may serve the despot's turn well enough and be, in fact, no blunder at all from his point of view. Royal and imperious persons used to govern mankind by issuing such "Don'ts" and "Thou Shalt Nots" as pleased their fancy, and when, tiring of too much restraint and too many gibbets, the people got control, the old habit of ruling by means of arbitrary measures retained such a hold on the race, that people have gone on trying to wring from the thin metallic lips of ballot boxes such "Thou Shalts" and "Thou Shalt Nots" as may be required to release society from its evils. It is an old, old plan—this attempt to make people be good by command of the voice of authority.

Yet, we are getting nearer the goal all the time. For instance, the order of an Emperor that the people should not do what they desired in a given matter, was of less effect, than is a decision of a majority of the people at the polls that a certain thing must be discontinued, for the voting shows that over half the people are already convinced—or it should show that. Whenever a disputed question goes to the polls those who prove to be on the losing side—or some of them—always complain of the ballot, and argue that some other authority should intervene to prevent injustice. But the world has seen no juster ruling force than the people, self-governed. They work the oracle for themselves. They get the answer they want, and while the answer may be astray sometimes, yet that is better, surely, than an answer both astray and unwanted. The ballot-box, whatever one may say of it, comes nearer to being benevolent in its despotism than any authority that preceded it.

***

SOME of those who opposed the license reduction by-law in Toronto—which was carried on New Year's Day by 846 majority—are suggesting that the City Council should refuse to act or that the Legislature should interfere. The number of bar licenses that could be issued legally in the city was 150; the vote of the people favors the reduction of this number to 110. The vote of the people should be respected. A year ago the City Council, urged on by outsiders, did not respect the vote of the people on this question, but in face of the fact that the people two years earlier had rejected a reduction by-law by a majority of fourteen hundred, proceeded to cut off forty licenses. The action was annulled by the courts on a technicality. But those of us who argued last year that the popular vote should have been respected, can have no ground for arguing differently now. It is a people's question; always was, and should not have been treated otherwise last year. On such a subject a law is not worth the paper it is written on unless behind it is a strong popular sentiment. Even where the vote in favor of a restrictive law is large, it is well known that a great percentage of those who vote express their sentiment nowhere but on the ballot, and leave the law, once it goes into effect, to draw its moral support from a very small minority of the people. Many vote to humor their consciences, then go their ways, not averse to taking a wee drop illegally to humor their stomachs.

***

IT is said that over four thousand women voted on the question of license reduction, and it is assumed that the great majority of them supported the by-law. Taking the figures as they are given it is pretty safe to say that out of a total vote of 33,600 cast by the male electors of the city, a majority of 3,000 against license reduction was polled. This, the women voters, changed over into a majority the other way, of something like 850. While such appear to be the facts, it does not follow, as one of the daily newspapers suggests, that the by-law should be declared invalid on that account. The women who voted were duly qualified electors, and nobody can deny that they have a deep interest in the question of which license reduction is one aspect. But while their interest is a deep one, their competency to furnish a remedy that will hold good in governing men, may be questioned.

Aside also from the fact that the women vetoed the decision given at the polls by the men of Toronto on this question, there is another phase of it worth looking at. The city is divided into six wards. The Sixth Ward, roughly speaking, is Parkdale. In the other five wards the total vote, irrespective of sex, showed a majority of 273 against reduction. Then the Sixth Ward wiped out this majority and changed it into one of 846 the other way. Why did this one section of the city so sweepingly reverse the decision of the rest of it? A local cause contributed largely. Not long ago a new license was granted by the License Board in a part of that Ward where public opinion was strongly averse to it, and this more than anything else accounts for the heavy vote for reduction. One license forced in where it had no right to be, has caused the cutting off of forty—presumably itself included.

***

NO doubt there are bars in Toronto that could very well be abolished even though other bars are to remain—places where the worst kind of liquors are sold, where little respect is paid to the regulations, and where other vices, worse than drinking, find shelter. The License Commissioners, if so instructed could probably close up half a dozen such places. No doubt the present or any preceding Board of Commissioners, if asked, could have indicated at least a dozen other bars that should have been limited to the sale of beer only—cheap whiskey being the medium of nearly all the evil these places do. There may be some other bars, which owing to their location, should be closed. But the people have declared that forty have to go and those who have issued this command have nothing to say as to which five or ten are to be included or which forty in all are to be wiped out. One frequently hears the remark made that such-and-such a bar should be closed because it is jammed to the doors with workingmen, is poorly kept, and hard-looking characters are seen there. Yet among the haunts of some of these hard-looking cases that bar may be the most respectable place they frequent. Some of them may spend their most virtuous moments over a glass of beer and a sandwich. No doubt it would be a fine thing if, by closing a bar where laborers gather in crowds, the frequenters could be scattered to their homes there to spend their idle moments playing checkers beside contented hearths. But I am sure men on the police force, reporters on the daily press and others whose duties cause them to range the city observantly, will say that a great mistake will be made if, in cutting off these forty licenses, those places are specially selected where laborers congregate and where foreigners meet to jabber in various tongues. The closing of a familiar door will not drive these people home, nor send them to night schools, nor will they visit the gorgeous bars where their custom is not wanted. They will find resorts lawful and inspected, or unlawful and unregulated, and experience shows that in any kind of resort where one law is defied, others are not long held in respect. To cut off these forty bars and to do it justly, sensibly and with the best possible results will be a task of considerable difficulty, for there is much more to be considered than the man who would sweep them all away with a wave of his hand takes into account.

***

NO provision exists in law for the compensation of those whose licenses will be cut off. Controller Hocken says the municipality has no power to spend money in any such way. From another quarter comes the statement that the Ontario Government could not compensate nor join with the city in anything of the kind, without being deluged with applications of the same sort from all parts of the province. Mr. James Haverson, K.C., counsel for the liquor trade, says that it is useless to suggest that the license holders should subscribe a compensation fund for the benefit of those who would lose their licenses.

And yet it should be possible to work this thing out in a just way. Let it be assumed that there are a certain number of hotels in the city so important as places of accommodation to the travelling public, that they are sure to secure licenses. Put the number of these at thirty. Let it be assumed, also, that there are ten or a dozen licensed houses so undesirable in character that they are sure to be cut off. The thirty that are sure of licenses and the dozen that are sure to lose them, make forty-two in all, leaving twenty-eight to be cut off from the remaining one hundred and eight. How are these to be chosen? Surely not be chosen because they lack political influence, lodge influence, religious influence, brewers' influence or any kind of pull! If two licensed hotels exist on opposite corners and one is to be taken and the other left, although both are of the same class and with records equally good or equally bad, why should one property be wiped out and the other vastly enhanced in value? Why should not the License Department grant special authority by means of which the License Commissioners could devise an equitable scheme whereby the property that will be enhanced in value should compensate the one that will have its value destroyed? It is useless for the license holders to object to increased license fees. Of course they will object, but of course they will be called upon to pay increased fees for the greater monopoly that is to be conferred on them. But how is it to be decided whether it is Jones on this corner or Smith on that, whose license is to be cancelled? Which will lose everything, and which will gain largely? Neither total loss nor inordinate gain should come to either, for their deserts are equal. One is entitled as much as the other to a renewal of his license; one deserves as much as the other to have his place closed. Should it not be possible, therefore, to deal with this unusual situation in an unusual way and work out a plan whereby all licenses should be cancelled for a moment, and 110 of them renewed at a substantial increase that would enable the License Commissioners to pay annuities for, say, ten years to the forty whose licenses are not to be renewed?

***

WILL somebody kindly explain why Chief License Inspector Joseph Johnston of Toronto, Ont., is not as free to express an opinion against license reduction, as he would be to express an opinion in favor of license reduction?

Is it not rather late in the world's history for people to want to cut off a man's head because it does not hold the same opinions as their heads do?

Of course, it was foolish of him to reveal his real opinions, but may we not hope that after the scare he has had he will in future conceal them in the deepest recesses of his person and go about pretending to think whatever is expected of him.

***

THE Passenger Agents' Association, that is to say, the assembled representatives of the various railways, have decided not to grant excursion rates to Montreal during the proposed Winter Carnival. The projected ice palace may not be built this year owing to the present scarcity of ice, but such a palace is not really necessary to the event, although a great attraction. SATURDAY NIGHT hopes that the Montreal people will go right on with the Winter Carnival regardless of the railways. They will trail in behind all right, and by next year will be reaching out for a controlling hand. We have a fine winter climate and we should have winter sports that would be famous the world over. If ice is scarce and if public opinion is still a little touchy over the question of ice palaces, this feature could be dropped for the present season and introduced another year. But as for the proposed winter sports the railway companies in refusing excursion rates for such an event are probably more huffed at having their advice disregarded than anything else.

***

PERSISTENT rumors are afloat and are given credence in newspapers unfriendly to the Liberal party, that Hon. A. G. McKay is about to retire from the leadership of the party in Ontario. The Liberal papers are not saying much on the subject, which rather encourages the idea that some change is under contemplation. Mr. McKay, when called up on the long distance telephone, laughs at the suggestion that he is to drop out.

The story goes that the Liberal party in Ontario is about to take up Prohibition and make it the main issue in provincial politics, and Mr. McKay, not being in line with that policy, is to make way for Rev. J. A. Macdonald or some other pronounced champion of temperance. When interviewed in regard to this rumor, Mr. Macdonald replied that he had "no political ambitions whatever." But, of course, that does not mean anything, for a man with no political ambitions whatever might be induced to lead a party from purely unselfish reasons if sufficiently urged to undertake the task. The name of Rev. D. C. Hossack is also mentioned in connection with the leadership, as is also that of Mr. T. H. Preston, of Brantford, who has the advantage of being a layman with considerable experience in politics and the Legislature. It is known that he might have had the leadership had he so desired when Hon. G. W. Ross retired, but at that time he either declined the office or flatly discouraged the suggestion that the post should be offered him. Then he retired from the Legislature, and devoted all his energies to his publishing business. But it is said that he might come out again if called.

There is one point, however, that those who are vending rumors are overlooking when they speak of the Liberals going in for a Prohibition campaign under the leadership of either Rev. J. A. Macdonald or Rev. D. C. Hossack. Both these gentlemen are well-known advocates of something different from Prohibition. They advocate a policy that would "Abolish the Bar," *i.e.*, do away with all drinking places whatsoever and the treating habit, and also eliminate entirely the element of profit from the handling of intoxicants. Their idea is that the use of liquor should not be wholly and arbitrarily prohibited, but that bars should be abolished, and the sale of liquor put on such a basis that nobody could make gain by pushing the sale of it. It would be sold in sealed packages only and signed for. The sale would be conducted in State-owned shops, by salaried men, whose desire would be to sell not more but less each year. The claim is that

ON THE HIGH PARK SLIDES

A 14-WHEELER

HOCKEY ON GRENADIER POND

ON GRENADIER POND

FIVE, A FAIR LOAD

ICE RACING AT DUFFERIN TRACK

AT ALEXANDRA PARK

A WINTER DAY IN TORONTO

the elimination of profit from the trade, and the doing away with the treating habit and all conveniences for public and promiscuous drinking, would be as great a reform as human nature will permit of at present.

This is not provincial prohibition, nor is it in line with local option as we have it in many parts of the province. The people might support this plan, but it is probable that the temperance lodges and the taverns would fight it.

However, as to the rumor that the Liberals will take up Prohibition as the leading political issue, recent votes in the province seem to show that the people are warm on the subject. It looks like a winner. The weakness of it would be that the objective would be office—office for a party that is very far from power and sees no road back but this one, and this road the party filled with obstacles only a few years ago. But, even at that, it looks as if this is to be the direction from which the next army of attack will move on the fortress held by Sir James Whitney.

The Liberal party in Dominion politics, however, would not care to get mixed up in the issue, and for this reason it is possible that we may see a new Opposition organized in Ontario called the Prohibition Party, but with many familiar faces in it.

***

TO mark the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Canadian Press Association, a history of Canadian Journalism has just been published under the direction of a committee appointed by that body last year. It is a handsome and extremely interesting work, freely illustrated with portraits of leading newspaper editors past and present. The work sells for $2, and if the entire edition is subscribed the proceeds will, I am told, barely cover expenses. But newspaper men will agree that when such a book was being brought out it was necessary to make it a worthy bit of craftsmanship.

In various parts of Canada are people related to men who, in their day, were leading journalists, but of whom little is said in any of our books of history. It seems to me that there must be many of these who would like to secure copies of this volume, which they can do by sending their orders to Mr. John R. Bone, of The Toronto Star. The main part of the book is a history of the Canadian Press Association, covering the past half-century. This is written most entertainingly by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, well-known as one of the best writers on the press until he accepted his present post. Mr. Arthur F. Wallis, editor of The Mail and Empire writes a chapter on the press of Ontario; Mr. J. E. B. McCreedy, of Charlottetown, deals with the press of the Maritime provinces; Mr. John Reade, F.R.S.C., of Montreal, with that of Quebec; Mr. J. P. Robertson with that of Manitoba, Mr. J. K. McInnis with that of Alberta and Saskatchewan and Mr. R. E. Gosnell with that of British Columbia. In addition there is a special article on "Leader Writing," by Dr. Goldwin Smith, whose portrait is a frontispiece to the work; a special article on "Reminiscences of 1856," by Mr. Robert Sellar, of The Huntington Gleaner, who recalls the situation of that time in Toronto as he saw it; and there is an appropriate piece of verse by Mr. J. W. Bengough, the well-known cartoonist. The book has a special interest for newspapermen in Canada, and I am anxious to commend it to their attention because it is a book worth while, and the copies should reach those who have most reason to take an interest in the profession.

***

IN recent issues of SATURDAY NIGHT references have been made to the way the minds of people in the United States have been poisoned against Great Britain by the fallacious history taught in their school books, and in their literature and speeches. But a more curious instance is here produced. It is a prayer, earnestly and reverently meant. The Canadian or English reader may fancy that it is reproduced from a joke-book, but it is from a serious book of prayer, edited and recently published by George W. Noble, Chicago, and entitled: "Book of Prayers for Everybody and all Occasions." The purpose of the editor and compiler is to meet the wants of those who feel the need of more unction and greater freedom in praying in public, and our readers would find nothing in the little volume to marvel at except the following remarkable prayer to the Almighty:

PATRIOTIC PRAYER.

O LORD JEHOVAH:—We thank Thee that our God is the God of nations. We humbly bow before Thy Throne as the Sovereign Ruler over the affairs of men. As a free people our obligation to Thee is infinite. We shudder to think what this Nation might have become hadst Thou not crowned the feeble but determined efforts of our forefathers with signal victory. We thank God the victory was achieved, and that to-day the STARS AND STRIPES are proudly floating over the grandest Country upon which Thy sun is permitted to shine.

O God of Nations! Help us to understand that to celebrate our Country's liberty is to celebrate Thee. This day carries us back through the years to the first celebration of national independence ever held in America. It was the momentous day when the Declaration of Independence was signed by every member of the Continental Congress—an act which has so indelibly stamped itself upon our hearts that the very picture of it still hangs upon our walls; and such a jubilee the world never had witnessed; although the conflict was but fairly begun, our patriot fathers celebrated the coming victory! Their's was a faith that dared assert itself, that dared to hoist the flag of an infant Republic before all the crowned heads of Europe and of the world. We thank Thee that this first successful experiment recorded in history was fearlessly launched with an unwavering confidence that GOD ALMIGHTY WOULD SEE IT THROUGH! And we are here to-day to rejoice together that in Thy infinite wisdom and might, THOU DIDST SEE IT THROUGH.

We come before Thee now, O God, with consecrated hands to rear another milestone in the progress of a great Nation, another monument to the invincible faith manifested in that first celebration, when the boom of cannon, the blare of trumpets, and watch-fires blazing from hill-top to hill-top spread everywhere the good news that a Nation of millions yet unborn WAS, AND OUGHT TO BE, FOREVER FREE! And O our God, we humbly pray Thee to forbid that we should forget what our liberties cost the infant Colonies. Help us to hold in memory those years of struggle—a struggle of poverty, distress, blood and death with kingly oppression, that caused the Declaration of Independence to be ratified forever on earth and in heaven. We must not forget what our immortal Washington, as General in the field, suffered with his half-clad, half-famished army in mid-winter at Valley Forge, to bring this glorious well-earned victory about.

But, we praise Thee, that at last the sun rose bright with glory on the day when Lord Cornwallace marshalled the forces of Britain for the last time upon American soil; this last time for peace and not for war, when the king's troops laid down their arms and surrendered to the indomitable power of Yankee perseverance and American liberty.

True, in 1812 they tried it again, just to see if we meant it. THEY FOUND WE DID. And we thank Thee, O Lord, that, since then, England has been glad, yes proud, to acknowledge us as her child, that simply came of age on July 4th, 1776, and, despite the foolish protests from the mother, her daughter "COLUMBIA" immediately set up in business for herself, and has succeeded so grandly that now she reigns as QUEEN OF THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

And we pray that each recurrence of this day may be one more milestone toward the UNIVERSAL FEDERATION OF REPUBLICS, already toward which the world is speeding along the highway of Nations.

And to the Triune God, the Author and Finisher of American faith, of American Independence and of American sovereignty, be glory and dominion, now and forever and ever. Amen.

***

What do you think of that! The large type is used just as in the book. It is meant to be a solemn, reverent and suitable prayer for the people of the United States to address to the throne of heaven in the twentieth century! "Of course they tried it again in 1812!" It is bad enough to teach false history to innocent children in schools, but to recite it elaborately and bombastically in prayer to the All-Seeing is surely more amazing still. Whatever is the Almighty going to do with such a people!!

***

SOME of us who were rather dazed a few weeks ago on reading the decision of the Dominion Railway Commission handed down by Judge Mabee, Chief Commissioner, on the application of Mr. F. W. Wagenast for an order requiring the G. T. R. to cease its discrimination as between Brampton and Oakville in the matter of commutation tickets have had our minds cleared considerably by reading the dissenting opinion handed down a few days ago by Commissioner Mills. From the point of view of the railway man there may be good reasons for continuing the system whereby Oakville people can travel to and from Toronto daily for away less than half the amount charged Brampton people, but it is difficult for an ordinary citizen, and one would fancy it would be difficult for a Board of Railway Commissioners, to see it in any other light than that in which Commissioner Mills puts it. The return fare from Brampton to Toronto is $1.10. That between Oakville and Toronto is, if one buys fifty-five coupons and uses them within a stated time, but 13 cents; or if one buys ten coupons, 33 cents per trip. This looks on the face of it like unjust discrimination against Brampton, the distance to Oakville being the fraction of a mile greater. Judge Mabee says there is discrimination, but that it was not shown to be unjust to Brampton. Commissioner Mills quotes the Railway Act to show that the duty falls on the company to prove that the discrimination was not unjust, and finds that the company did not do this. Judge Mabee and Commissioner Maclean, decided that the Board should not interfere with the existing conditions. Commissioner Mills dissenting, holds that the Board is under obligation to order the restoration of commutation rates between Brampton and Toronto, or to order the discontinuance of the present rates between Oakville and Toronto. But the decision of the two Commissioners over-rides that of the single one, and the discrimination continues. It is a great comfort to know, however, that it is not unjust.

There is some force, no doubt, in the argument of the railway people that Brampton, being served by through trains which do not pass the place at suitable times for those who must be in the city early and late daily, would not create business by causing Toronto people to go out there to live, as may well be the case with Oakville. But the railway people use the curious argument that suburban traffic belongs to electric lines, as no doubt it will if the steam roads do not look after it. It is suspected, too, that they will get after it when they must, and on this point it is worth noting that Oakville, which enjoys cheap commutation rates on the G. T. R. is already served with an electric line, while Brampton, with high rates, is not so served. Why not cheapen rates before, instead of after? Why make electric lines necessary? Several Toronto people have taken up residence in Brampton, and no doubt many more would do so if cheap transit were provided, for the city has now reached such a size that an increasing number are anxious to build homes out where they will have elbow-room, and yet not be without the conveniences of civilization. They do not want to go five or ten miles into the country, but to the nearby towns. MACK.

Old Mister Sun.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

OLD Mister Sun is nice and red,
And when he strikes upon my bed
I know that it is time to play,
Because he's brought another day.

And then, when it is afternoon,
I know that he'll be going soon
To hide and take away the light,
And leave another sleepy night.

The Slang Evangelist.

HERE is the story of David and Goliath, as told with appropriate gestures to eight thousand people by Billy Sunday, the evangelist, at his revival meeting in Spokane:

"And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the field and says: 'Dave, better go up to the house, your ma's anxious about the other boys fighting in the army, hasn't heard from them by phone or anything and she'd like you should go look them up. So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front and stays there with his brothers over night.

"In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him. 'Who's that big stiff making all the big talk out there?' asks Dave.

"'Why that's the head cheese, the big noise,' says his brothers.

"'Why don't someone soak him one?' asks Dave.

"'We've all got cold feet,' says the Israelites.

"'You fellows make me tired,' says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath and soaks him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block and the whole Philistine gang skidooed."

THE Department of Education in Toronto having decided that the letter "u" shall be retained in the spelling of such words as favour, labour, honour and rigour, The Winnipeg Telegram proceeds to get funny about it. That journal says: "Toronto will hold on to all the "u's" in the alphabet within its jurisdiction. The Torontonian will not tolerate any trifling or obliteration of its three most sacred letters, I. O. U., collectively or individually. Toronto does not give up anything without a struggle, and even in the school children will be implanted through their spelling lessons the Torontonian peculiarity of holding on to everything in sight from a factory, a distillery and a scene of complacent importance to a letter in the alphabet."

MAYOR OLIVER'S vote on his re-election was the largest ever polled by a Mayoralty candidate in Toronto. Mr. F. S. Spence, the anti-liquor leader in Council, was defeated, although the license reduction by-law carried. The new member of the Board is Mr. G. R. Geary, who headed the poll. He had been defeated in the three-cornered Mayoralty fight last year.

NEXT day after the carrying of the license reduction by-law two men met in King street. "Well," said one, "how do you like it?" "Me!" exclaimed the other. "Oh, it suits me all right enough. One hundred and ten bars will be quite enough to serve my modest wants."

AT a regular Sunday service held recently in a rural church in the vicinity of Prescott, the congregation was asked for a liberal collection for a special purpose. While the collection was being taken up the choir sang the hymn entitled, "I Surrender All." On perceiving that the entire collection amounted to only 34 cents the pastor stopped the singing of the hymn, saying that he could not permit them to go on singing what was so obviously untrue.

VOTES were taken on Monday in London, St. Thomas and Port Stanley as to whether street cars should be run on Sundays, and in all three places the people declared in favor of this necessary modern convenience.

THERE is much to be said for silence. If the majority of people could be made to exercise themselves regularly in restraint of the tongue the general business of this planet would be considerably expedited.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science will meet in Winnipeg from August 25 to September 1 next, and the office of the honorary local secretaries has been organized in the building of the University of Manitoba in that city. These local secretaries are Mr. C. N. Bell, Mr. W. Sanford Evans, Mr. Matthew A. Parker and Mr. Swale Vincent, and to these gentlemen all inquiries and communications should be addressed.

"WHAT kind of people are they?"
"Well, when they are not playing bridge, they are working a phonograph."—Life.

SOME of our daily contemporaries are carrying their social and personal views to excessive lengths. On Tuesday morning, for instance, the World announced in its society news that Mrs. So-and-So would "not deceive again" until a certain specified date. If one can stop it for a time like that, why not give it up altogether?

OF all qualities conducive to happiness, not only in married life, but in human intercourse in general, there are few to equal—none to surpass—the homely one of good temper.—Chicago Tribune.

A Rubaiyat of the Bosphorus.

Sultan Abdul Hamid has Opened the First Turkish Parliament.

With Apologies to Omar.

I.

AWAKE! for Abdul Hamid in the Night,
Has turn'd and toss'd and driven sleep to Flight;
For lo! reform waves from the West have caught
The Sultan's conscience in a noose of Fright.

II.

He's searched the Koran o'er (it cannot lie),
And after meditation thus does cry:
"On Parliaments the Koran's rather dark,
But anyway, here's one for you to try."

III.

The Sultan sits in Gloom at Yildiz Kiosk,
The Parliament will curb and check the Boss;
If they won't let him carve up Turkey now,
They can't prevent him handing out the Sauce!

IV.

"Now, what of Russia?" Abdul Ham. inquires,
"The frightened Czar to Peterhof retires,
From Hungry-Handed Dumas to escape;
I guess the time of despots here expires."

V.

"And poor br'er Persia!" Abdul says again,
"This Constitution business is insane;
They yell for Freedom, but for me, I say,
'Aw fade away! this Liberty is vain!'"

Toronto, January, '08. A. HAROLD BROWN.

WM. STITT & CO.
MILLINERS, LADIES' TAILORS AND COSTUMIERS
Artistic Dinner and Evening Gowns, Wedding Trousseaux, Tailored Suits.
Latest Novelties in Laces, Silks and Trimmings.
PARIS KID GLOVE STORE
Gloves in the Newest Shades. Evening Gloves in all lengths.
La Grecque--CORSETS--La Spirite
11 and 13 King St. East, Toronto

Wall Papers
The newest effects in Wall Papers are here for your selection. The floral designs are particularly pleasing, art rivalling nature in the beauty and brilliancy or delicacy of the colorings and tints.
We also have Period Designs, dainty stripes, chintz effects, tapestries, silk and brocade effects. In fact everything you could ask for to decorate the walls of your home.
Special prices for painting and decorating in all its branches. Estimates furnished.
The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

If You Appreciate
a really High-Class Luncheon, Dinner or Supper,
YOU WILL APPRECIATE
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

THE "SAVOY"
(YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.)
Choice Candies in Fancy Boxes
Ice Cream, Coffee, Cocoa, etc.
Japanese Tea Room
for Afternoon Tea Lunches, etc.
Special Lunch
every day, 12 till 2, for busy people.
Try it. Open evenings till 11 o'clock.

A Ball, Reception or Cotillion
McConkey's Assembly Rooms
admitted the best in Toronto.
For Particulars Phone Main 620

BRITISH PLATE Opp. Y.M.C.A.
We ask your inspection of our splendid stock. Our assortment of Dining-room Pieces appeals strongly to those who know and insist on the best. Our Entree Dishes are deservedly popular. They are made of hard metal, hard soldered, with double bead and double handle. Our prices are closest.
WANLESS & CO.
Fine Jewelers Established 1840
396 Yonge St., TORONTO, Can.

IF YOU are not a regular reader of *Toronto Saturday Night*—if you are only an occasional reader and see a copy now and then, why not send a dollar to the office and have the paper sent to your address for six months, or two dollars and receive it for a year? We are receiving annual subscriptions from all parts of Canada and are aiming to produce a paper that will be useful and welcome, honest and interesting. Write Circulation Manager, Saturday Night, 26 and 28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Municipal Railroad Corporation Bonds

YIELDING 4% TO 6%

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.

7 King St. East, Toronto

CAPITAL
CAPITAL
RESERVE FUND

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY TORONTO

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY

"20 PAYMENT LIFE"
In event of policy being discontinued after 20 years, this Company guarantees to refund all premiums paid.
Life Department
27 and 29 Wellington St. E.
Telephone Main 6,000
TORONTO

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON
Toronto General Agents.

GENERAL Accident FIRE and Life ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED
Capital $1,000,000

CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Chairman
D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Chairman
T. H. HALL, Manager

Toronto Agents:
SZELIGKI & McLEAN,
22 Toronto St.

Steiner, Dunlop & Co.
BOND DEALERS
Government, Municipal, Corporation Issues.
LAWLOR BUILDING
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.
TORONTO

"That man who was here just now seemed to move you a great deal?" "He did." "By a touching story?" "No; by three loads in two wagons, and he broke nearly every piece."—Baltimore American.

Curate—And so, Mrs. Howard, you come to church every Sunday? Mrs. Howard—Yes, Mr. Priestley, we're such strangers in town yet that we have no other engagements.—Brooklyn Life.

"Mr. Chairman," began the man who is un-accustomed to public speaking. "I—er—I—er—I—er—" "Well," interrupted the chairman, kindly, "to err is human."—Washington Herald.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, JANUARY, 1909.

FOR the first time in its eventful career the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company is furnishing its services to the city without a monetary consideration. The situation is one which has nearly all the elements of a farce comedy. The City Council, unable to agree among themselves as to the terms of a contract with the Power Company for street lighting passes over the New Year with the question still open and the old contract expired. The Council offers the same terms as before, viz., $60 per year for arc lights. This the Power Company has refused, and rather than affect this figure even temporarily, has notified the city that they will for the first fifteen days of January light the city for nothing, pending the adjustment of the question. Of course the contract at the Power Company's own figures of $75 per arc per year is bound to come to them sooner or later, for the city is powerless, being wholly in the hands of the combination and unable at any price to obtain its light elsewhere, at least for a year or two to come—time to establish a municipal lighting plant, if the Council is so minded. For the past month W. McLea Walbank, who, as I have noted in these columns before, is a fighting Scotchman of the first water, has done little else than write letters to the City Council and have himself interviewed in the papers on behalf of the corporation of which he is the vice-president and general manager. Of course, the city will, in the long run, pay well for its New Year's present of fifteen days of free light, but in the meantime the Power Company has scored so far as public sentiment is concerned, for had they carried out the threat and left the city in darkness the patience of the populace would have been stretched to the breaking point, and it is a question which group would have been mobbed first, the stupid City Council or this agile monopolistic group of money-getters.

⁂

Swift Business.

The attempted lease of the Mexican Light and Power Company to the Mexican Tramways Company, which was frustrated the other day by the hard work of Sir Edward Clouston, Sir George Drummond, Mr. J. H. Plummer and Mr. C. H. Cahan, but which will unquestionably be forced through in spite of the best endeavors of these gentlemen, is without a question of doubt one of the most impudent pieces of stock jobbing that Canada has ever seen. The Mexican Power Company is a first-class going corporation, engineered and put through to its present excellent position by the gentlemen enumerated above along with several other Canadians. Now come along a group of stock brokers, backed by Sperling and Company, of London, and with a working majority of Mexican Power stock in their possession are bound and determined to sacrifice the company in the interests of the Mexican Tramways Company. Going behind the scenes it is clear as to how Sperling and Company became interested, for the factor here is Mackay Edgar, who was formerly a Montreal stock broker and who now figures as a member of this London banking house. For many months Edgar, aided by Jimmy Dunn, another ex-Montreal broker, has been drilling the London public to its stock jobbing possibilities. Linked with this crowd is F. S. Pearson, of New York and Boston, who figures as the president of the Mexican Tramways Company. At the recent meeting Gordon Macdougall, a young Montreal attorney, represented the lease faction, and among other things he requested that the present officers of the Mexican Light and Power Company—opposed to the putting through of the deal—resign. This Sir Edward Clouston, J. H. Plummer, C. H. Cahan and F. L. Wanklyn, politely, but firmly, declined to do, and they were all the more firm in their resolve when they became aware of the plan to have their places on the board taken by three lawyers and an office boy. Of course, they will eventually have to go, for the stockholders have a majority of the holdings, but as Mr. Plummer put it, they will fight to the last to save the company, and then when they can do no more retire with decorum and decency—to alas, have their places filled by three lawyers and an office boy. It is worthy of note that while Jimmy Dunn had travelled all the way from England to engineer this scheme and was at the meeting he said not one word, and was as still as a mouse beyond a "solo" encore when he thought Mr. Macdougall had scored a point.

⁂

Travelled by Special.

J. H. Dunn, familiarly known as Jimmy, cut a wide swath in Montreal previous to leaving this city for London, and for many a day was the talk of the local "Street." He had a propensity for "blowing" himself to special trains and the like. Jimmy has before now been known to take a special train to or from New York, for no particular reason that anyone could find out, as the regular probably made as good if not better time. However, we presume that if a man wants to spend some of his unearned increment on special trains, and the railways don't object, no one else should.

⁂

He's Doing Well.

And speaking of cutting swaths one should not forget Mr. E. Mackay Edgar, recently of Montreal and now of London. In the old days, that is some five or six years or so ago, Mr. Edgar had modest offices in the Montreal Board of Trade Building. He was a member of the Montreal Stock Exchange, but made a specialty and incidentally a good deal of money in trading in unlisted stocks. In fact, he was the original curb broker in this city. He afterward formed a London connection and moved to the British centre of finance, and the next we hear he is a member of the great London banking house of Sperling & Co. Every Montrealer who comes back from London has a story to tell of Mackay Edgar, and perhaps the best is of the time when Sir William Van Horne and his son R. B. Van Horne, encountered the redoubtable Edgar at the Hotel Cecil. It seems that Edgar makes his headquarters at the Cecil where he keeps automobiles, occupies a magnificent suite of apartments, and lives as Mr. Pierpont Morgan might, but doesn't. Sir William and his son walked into the Cecil unheralded and unknown. The gentleman behind the desk sporting the large diamond was apparently not interested in the new arrivals, and so the two turned away unable to secure desirable apartments and were about to leave the hotel. Then something happened. Around the corner came a big, highly-polished hundred horse-power motor car, big enough to accommodate the average French-Canadian family. There was a toot, a whirr, and it stopped in front of the Cecil. Every lackey within a block immediately presented arms, so to speak, and out stepped Mr. Mackay Edgar. As he proceeded into the hotel it was a miniature march of triumph, and soon this young man, lately of Canada, came face to face with Sir William and his son, later still of Canada.

"What, no room in the Hotel Cecil for his friend, Sir William! Well, I think so, tut, tut."

Then it was that the gentleman with the diamond collar button was duly impressed, and the best the house afforded was placed before the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

⁂

TORONTO, January 7.

WITHIN one short year a remarkable change in financial conditions has taken place. From an unusual scarcity, with rates the highest in a generation, money has become a glut. So much so that Canadian banks have not employment for all their resources at home, and have nearly $200,000,000 lying at their command in Britain and in foreign countries. The recovery from depression in the early months of last year has been rapid, and the New Year promises to be one of steady improvement and expansion in the country's industries. This country, with its abundance of undeveloped resources and energetic population, cannot be kept back easily. In spite of the rather gloomy outlook at the beginning of 1908, the sales of Canadian securities abroad for the year were the largest in the history of the country. It was a great year for the bond and debenture promoters, and the expenditure of these borrowings, if conducted wisely, will greatly assist in enhancing values and attracting immigration. The opening up of new territories by the railways has materially strengthened our position in the money market of the world. For some years past the average yearly construction of new railway in Canada has, from a per capita standpoint, been greater than in any other country, and the comparison in this connection last year was much more favorable to us than ever before. The average value of the crops continues to increase year by year, not so much owing to increased prices, but to the greater annual yield. While the average price of spring wheat grown in the Prairie provinces last year was higher than the previous year, the average price of Ontario fall wheat was less. But fortunately, the yield in both districts was larger. As an indication of the outlook for an increased yield of grain in the West for the season of 1909, figures recently published by the Manitoba Government are interesting: They show the total area prepared for the crop of the coming summer to be 2,273,802 acres, which compares with the 1,843,016 acres from which the Manitoba crops of this year were taken. This striking increase in the area in the land put to seed is largely the result of excellent weather conditions during the past three months. The crops ripened early and the ground was cleared in good time to allow of the commencement of preparatory work. An open fall aided much. While these figures speak only for the province of Manitoba, conditions in all parts of the country were pretty much the same and a greatly increased area may be safely predicted for the 1909 crops of the entire Dominion.

⁂

Prospects Encouraging.

The domestic trade in Canada last year did not decline to the extent as one would infer in making a comparison of our foreign trade figures with the previous year. The bank clearings are a fair index of the situation, and they were almost within 5 per cent. of the clearings of 1907, which was the record year. The note circulation of Canadian banks in no month of the year fell more than 10 per cent. below the volume outstanding during the previous year. The commercial loans of our banks showed an entailment of less than 10 per cent. the past year, if to the item of current loans and discounts there be added that of loans to other banks secured—the increase in the latter item being chiefly due to the taking over of the Sovereign Bank's business by other institutions. That trade recovery during the last three months of the year was not more explicitly evidenced by bank loan showings, is largely to be accounted for by the circumstance that several long-standing municipal and corporate loans were liquidated with the proceeds of security issues placed abroad. With regard to the trade disasters, there was a gratifying improvement in the comparison of liabilities in the closing three months of the year. The agricultural interests, of course, are first in Canada, and the pecuniary results of last year's harvest are most satisfactory and encouraging. The latest estimate of the harvest of 1908 gives an area of 27,505,663 acres of field crops, which are valued at $432,533,000. The increase of nearly eight million dollars in the value of domestic exports during November, as compared with the corresponding month in 1907, indicates something of the trade importance of the year's crop.

⁂

Says The Ottawa Citizen: The basis of national life being purely individual, it is the duty of each individual composing it to see that his own life contributes good, and not ill. No Canadian of impure life can be a true patriot, whatever may be his other contributions of wisdom, wealth or achievement. The individual sense of right, justice, purity, is the fundamental basis of national life and greatness.

⁂

Securities Higher.

The great demand for securities from investors and investment institutions has been an important feature of the financial world. The appreciation in prices the past year has greatly added to the wealth of the investing public. This cannot be said of the majority of speculators, for they have had suspicions of the genuineness of the advance, and have refrained from taking any important interest in securities. However, the year even for the speculator was a better one than 1907. As showing the increased value of some securities from the low points early in 1908, we mention the following: The stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway has appreciated to the extent of $43,121,000, Rio de Janeiro has increased in value

BANK OF HAMILTON

The Bank of Hamilton is in a position to meet every requirement of depositors consistent with conservative banking principles.

TORONTO: 34 Yonge St.
Branches in Toronto: Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. Yonge and Gould. West Toronto.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ISSUES
MONEY ORDERS
at low rates for any sum up to $50. Safe and convenient.
OFFICES IN TORONTO:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of this Bank will be held at the Head Office of the Bank, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, on Wednesday the 10th day of February next at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of receiving a statement of the affairs of the Bank, for the election of Directors and for other business.

By order of the Board,

R. CAMPBELL,
Acting General Manager.

Winnipeg, Jan. 2, 1909.

MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

Payable All Over The World
Money Paid by Telegraph or Cable
FOREIGN MONEY BOUGHT AND SOLD
GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits $1,241,532.86

A DESPATCH from Moose Jaw says that the big rush for land in the newly opened townships south of that town has exceeded all expectations. On the first day men began arriving by every train and by team from all parts of the district, and when the land office closed in the evening it was announced that 500 tickets had been issued to homeseekers to line up for entrance.

R. E. A. Leach, inspector of Dominion Land Offices, was on hand supervising the work, and everything ran smoothly. The City Hall was thrown open to accommodate Mr. Leach in distributing the tickets, and it was full to the doors. The system worked admirably, every man being satisfied. Hugh McKeller, the Board of Trade Commissioner, reports that he never saw a finer class of men seeking homesteads. An interesting feature of the movement is the number who have come from the United States, thirty-five in one party arriving from the vicinity of Bismarck, N.D.

The rush, says the despatch, confirms the previous prediction that the spring of 1909 will see the greatest movement of settlers in the Moose Jaw district ever experienced in Western Canada. It is calculated that by the end of the year 15,000 quarter sections will have been taken during the past twelve months.

THE first issue of the Okotoks Advance, Alberta, shows the latest venture in Western journalism to possess the real Western spirit. The Advance, in making its bow to the public, says:

"Frank D. Rogers, editor and proprietor, was born on an Illinois prairie, but latterly has been a resident of New York State. Not six feet tall, four feet wide, three feet thick, under 200 weight, no other marks or brands remembered. Has served as printer's devil, jour., reporter, editor, proofreader in the Government printing office at Washington, publisher, author of 'Folk Stories,' and 'Confessions of an Undertaker,' besides 'numerous booklets and pamphlets. Has been honored repeatedly with public office, knows the political game but wants no more of it. Is a lover of books, music, and the drama. Will 'boost' with the boosters and holler for Okotoks district."

Maud—Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying him.—Boston Transcript.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 74

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eleven per cent. (11 p.c.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st January, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

Monday, the 1st day of February next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 18th to the 30th January, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 23rd December, 1908.

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect or not, your teeth require daily care, and will well repay the regular use of

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial simple send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

A large assortment of Paper Articles for Table use---

At Michie's

Paper Mats for plates and dishes, some round, some oval, some have the edges embossed, others are open-work, having the effect of lace.

They are made in several sizes and prices, and it costs less to use them than to get the linen ones washed.

MICHIE & CO.
Limited
7 KING ST. WEST

THE NAME

COSGRAVE

SIGNIFIES

SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

FEARMAN'S
HAMILTON
Star Brand
BACON
Is the Best Bacon

DOCTORS

find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.

HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

Synopis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

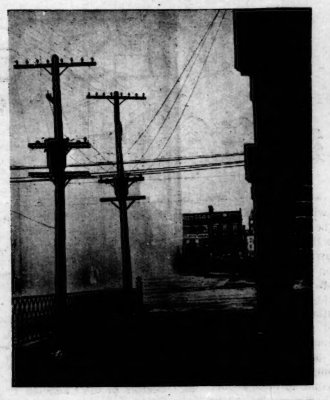
Duties—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above, while residing with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



TEST OF THE HIGH PRESSURE SYSTEM FOR FIGHTING FIRES

During the past few days formal demonstrations of the efficiency of the new water supply for Toronto have been conducted to the satisfaction of the city officials and the experts of the Fire Underwriters' Association. In the picture on the right the nozzles were stationed on West Market Street north of Colborne Street and the water fell below Front Street, just to the left of the railing in the picture, a distance of over 200 feet. One stream easily soared over a building 150 feet high. At a meeting of the Fire Underwriters on Tuesday a substantial reduction in insurance rates was put in force. Two more high pressure pumps are to be added to the equipment.

$12,500,000, Mackay common is worth $9,517,000 more. Soo railway increased $8,904,000, Mackay preferred $5,000,000, Montreal Power $4,260,000, Montreal Street Railway $3,300,000, Twin City $3,618,000, Sao Paulo $3,315,000, Detroit United $3,000,000, Mexican Power $3,367,000, Dominion Coal $2,700,000, Bell Telephone $2,625,000. Toronto Railway $1,200,000, Winnipeg Electric $1,645,000, Dominion Textile $1,350,000, Dominion Iron and Steel $1,000,000, the preferred $1,250,000, Nova Scotia Steel $798,000, Lake of the Woods $540,000, Ogilvie Common $325,000, Montreal Cotton $450,000, Penman's $408,000, Richelieu $501,000, and so on. Owing to the increased investment demand, the floating supplies of stock have been greatly diminished, and their position much stronger. The same may be said of bank stocks, whose lists of shareholders are much longer than at any former period.

***

Good Profits.

The Metropolitan Bank had a very good year. The report for the twelve months ended December 31 shows net profits of $135,872, which are equivalent to 13.58 per cent. on the bank's paid-up capital of $1,000,000. After payments of dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and writing off $20,000 from bank premises, the sum of $25,872 was carried forward to profit and loss account, which now aggregates $277,404.

***

Toronto Railway.

The Toronto Railway Company continues to be liberally patronized by the public. Earnings for the past year went beyond the 3½ million mark, the figures being $3,532,690. This is an increase of $146,922 as compared with the year 1907, but the ratio of increase was less than the previous year. It will be remembered that in July and August last the company reported decreases in earnings as compared with corresponding months of 1907. For the full year of 1907 the gross earnings increased $337,000 over those of 1906. The stock of the company, which sold at 94 in January of last year, rose to 109½ at the end of the year. The highest and lowest prices in 1907 were respectively 115½ and 82¾.

***

Want Money.

Forthcoming governmental borrowings in Europe and America are predicted as follows: Imperial Russian loan, $225,000,000; Argentine armament loan, $75,000,000; Brazilian Federal naval loan, $75,000,000; probable German Imperial loan, $25,000,000; British Irish land loan, $50,000,000; near Eastern Balkan loan, $200,000,000; U.S. Government loans, $50,000,000; total estimated offerings, $700,000,000.

The Blind Spot.

IN all vision there is a blind spot; every savant is a fool upon some topic. This is exemplified (says Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's Magazine) by the readiness with which the most astute business and professional man will dabble in speculation—such as mining and allurements similar.

What man of ordinary common-sense would think of buying a house which he had never seen and his agent had never seen; or a horse, or a gun, or almost anything into which he is putting money, without privilege of examination and expectation of using that privilege? And yet the majority of men will invest, "sight unseen," as the boys say, in a mine, in an oil well, in a rubber plantation, merely upon the word of a machine-made prospectus.

Somehow, ninety-nine out of a hundred men who thus invest, as a side issue, seem to anticipate that chance will overlook their utter disregard of business principles, and will work a miracle in their favor. They go upon the theory "A fool for luck." This is why speculation of this nature is fallen into evil ways, and why a gold mine so often proves a gold brick.

The public has itself to blame. Mines, oil-wells, rubber plantations, can be made sources of profit, and are made sources of profit; but they should not be played as one plays a slot-machine.

Our Winter is O. K.

From the Kincardine Review.

AT Guelph the other day W. H. Hoyle, M.P.P., urged a change from the name "Winter Fair" to "Christmas Fair," his reason being that the present name makes one shiver with cold, while the latter name indicates good cheer. His suggestion is being considered by the association.

Our advice is—Don't do it.

We have winter in this country and winter is the given name for it. We might call it summer, but we would still have to wear our furs and overshoes. If we could change the nature of the thing by changing the name, there would be some reason for making a change, although, for our part, the weather we get in winter is all right. The frost makes the ears tingle, but the winds sweep the cobwebs out of the brain. We like to complain about the weather, but we should miss winter just the same if it should fail to turn up regularly once a year. It's not the sort of cold they have in the Northwest, but what's the use of having it cold if you don't feel it? It might as well not be at all as be and not be felt.

Some years ago, we used to have Winter Carnivals in Canada. Then some supersensitive creatures thought it was bad for Canada because it advertised our cold weather—our snow and ice. And so the Winter Carnival went out of business, a victim to the fool idea that we must pretend to be what we are not and to have not what we have. Perhaps we could have delayed its going by calling it a Christmas Carnival, thus giving the idea of good cheer instead of sending cold shivers up the spine of those who have no spine worth speaking of, but we didn't try the experiment. We sacrificed the Winter Carnival to the dreadful fear of the critics that a Winter Carnival would spoil our summer resorts.

As a Winter Fair, the Guelph Show is a success. It draws so many to the Royal City that there is a complaint of lack of accommodation. It couldn't have been a greater success if called a Christmas or St. Patrick's or Twelfth of July show. And it is just when it has reached this sublimity of perfection that a proposal comes to change the name.

Don't do it, gentlemen. "Winter Fair" is all right. It has made good. It is not a misnomer. The Fair takes place in winter—a Guelph winter at that—a cold, crisp, nipping eager air; you can hear the sleighs creaking a mile away; icicles hang festooned from Guelph whiskers, but boys and girls are skating and playing hockey, urchins are coasting down the hill; men in tam o' shanters are shouting "Sooper up" in the rink; bells jingle merrily all the while, and the natives are almost intoxicated with the very joy of living. Ashamed of our winter? Bah! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Hoyle.

Some Stories of Aldrich.

SOME of the tendencies of the time in song and story annoyed the late Thos. Bailey Aldrich, and in 1898 he wrote a letter to Richard Watson Gilder, giving expression to his distaste. He wrote: "But I haven't any business to be writing about poetry, for the Muses have kept their nine snowy shoulders turned on me these many months, and in future I do not intend to make love to any of those capricious girls, if I can help myself. At a time when it is supposed to be poetical to write 'Gawd' instead of God and otherwise mutilate God's choicest language, perhaps silence is the best poem for a man who respects his art. Oh, no, this is not sour grapes. My verses still sell—from force of habit; but what the great American public really like is:

"'Her body's in the baggage car.'

"At the Howard Athenæum the other night I saw an audience of apparently human beings deeply moved by the singing of this rot. A stereoscopic picture of 'the baggage car' brought tears to the eyes of all the burglars and murderers in the upper gallery. For a homely, horny-handed, whole-souled *heart-song* give me 'Her body's in the baggage car.'"

This and much other interesting matter about Aldrich is given in Ferris Greenslet's book, "The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," just published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. The biographer tells us that a friend once remarked to Aldrich that a certain eminent and indefatigable laborer in the field of letters was a very learned man.

"Yes," said Aldrich, "a very learned man, but like a gas-pipe, no richer for the illumination he has conveyed."

Once when Aldrich was annoyed by too many interruptions from the lower office, he sprang up with the insouciance of a bad boy—"but not such a very bad boy"—plugged the speaking-tube with a cork and drove it in with the poker. On another occasion, his masterful publisher, Mr. Houghton, who had been submitting to the Atlantic the Manuscripts of divers "friends of the house" with rather ill success, said to him jocosely:

"I have written a story and I'm going to send it to you under a fictitious name."

"Then," said Aldrich, "I advise you to send it to a fictitious editor."

Lord Ripon, at the age of eighty-one, recently resigned from the British Cabinet. The long span of his political life is suggested by the fact that he also sat in Palmerston's Cabinet. Entering Parliament in 1852, he has since filled several of the great offices, having been at the head of the war office, the India office, the admiralty, besides serving five years as viceroy of India. And in old age he has preserved not only vigor and sagacity, but an alert hopefulness of spirit.

A little boy reader wants to know what is a "grafter." A grafter is an individual who wishes to place in his inside pocket some concrete evidence that the political administration which he supports is the most progressive and the best that has ever been entrusted with the reins of government.—Victoria Colonist.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES
Jas Morrison Brass Mfg Co
TORONTO

You are invited to inspect our goods.

O'K

WHEN YOU GO OUT TO LUNCH TO-DAY

be good to yourself and order a bottle of

O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER" LAGER

It's the best appetizer and aid to digestion. Brewed as they brew lager in Pilsen, Germany—of pure Barley Malt, Hops and filtered water—the beer is filtered again after it is brewed and pasteurized after being bottled.

Ask for

The Beer With a Reputation

THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE

Best Quality

COAL and WOOD

THE VERY BEST ROGERS COAL. HEAD OFFICE KING ST. EAST TORONTO

OFFICES: 3 KING ST. EAST.

411 Yonge St.	793 Yonge St.
577 Queen St. W.	1348 Queen St. W.
418 Spadina Ave.	306 Queen St. E.
753 Queen St. E.	304 Wellesley St.
326 College St.	31 Bloor Ave.
246 Broadview Ave.	419 Parliament St.
Esplanade E. Near Berkeley St.	
Esplanade E. Foot of Church St.	
Bathurst St. Opposite Front St.	
Pape Ave. At G.T.R. Crossing.	
Yonge St. At C.P.R. Crossing.	
Lansdowne Ave. Near Dundas St.	
Cor. Hamburg Ave. and Bloor St.	
16 Dundas W., Toronto Junction.	

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

Insist on

OWNES

the name which indicates inevitable glove quality.

Original Charter 1854

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

SIX OFFICES IN TORONTO

Letters of credit issued for the convenience of tourists going to Europe. General banking business transacted.

Head Office: 8 King Street West, TORONTO

Branches in Toronto open every Saturday night 7 to 9 o'clock.
78 Church Street.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst Sts.
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst Sts.
Cor. Queen East and Ontario Sts.
20 Dundas St. West, West Toronto.

JAMES MASON, General Manager

If your dealer does not keep HERCULES BED SPRINGS AND GOLD MEDAL FELT MATTRESSES write us. They make an ideal combination for solid comfort and durability, and the price is very moderate. It is almost universally acknowledged that they have no equal. They have stood the test of years.

THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY Limited

Toronto Winnipeg Montreal

Established 1880

Stephens' Ink is pleasant to write with and follows the pen ungrudgingly, even when much evaporated in the inkstand. It is the best ink for fountain pens. Resolutely refuse substitutes of

Stephens' Ink

NO BALL-ROOM can beat Meyer's at Sunnyside. Telephone Park 905 to get open dates for your At-Homes, Receptions, Progressives, etc.

P. V. MEYER

CEETEE UNDERWEAR

WHERE TRUE COMFORT BEGINS

Some men and women spend hours deciding what they shall select for a new suit or hat, and almost ignore the question of underclothing—which is the basis of true comfort in dress.

"Ceetee" UNDERCLOTHING

is full-fashioned, and knitted to fit the form. It has no rough seams—is absolutely unshrinkable, and retains its softness and elasticity no matter how often washed.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children, and want you to ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, LIMITED

GALT, - ONT.

Established 1859 1909

CEETEE PURE WOOL

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Removed by the New Principle

De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the only scientific and practical way to destroy hair. Don't waste time experimenting with electrolysis, X-ray and depilatories. These are offered you on the BARE WORD of the operators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for $1.00 by De Miracle Chemical Co., 1012 Park Ave., New York. Your money back without question (no red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. For sale by all first-class druggists, department stores and.

The Robt. Simpson Co., Limited TORONTO

THE WAY TO GO TO CALIFORNIA.

Is via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line. Three trains daily. The Los Angeles Limited to Southern California and the Overland Limited to San Francisco and Portland are considered by travellers as the finest trains leaving Chicago. Only three days en route. Daily and personally conducted tourist sleeping car parties. Illustrated literature and rates on application to B. H. Bennett, General Agent, 2 East King Street, Toronto.

NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, Jan. 5, 1908.

NEW YORK outdid itself in its welcome to the newborn 1909. Whether the little youngster was frightened at so much noise or not is not told. At any rate he did not show it, and continued his flight on down through the city, setting loose pandemonium at every step and braving a tumult such as only New York in its maddest hours can create. Several new noise-making instruments were added this year to the familiar array of horns, horse fiddles, roosters and rattlers. The most diabolical of these was in the form of a steel fry-pan, with a striker attached to the steel spring, capable of several hundred vibrations per minute. One of these carried in each hand made up the happiness of thousands that night. Promptly at twelve, harbor craft, liners, ferries and factories opened their steam whistles and let loose a roar of sound that might have been heard in Maine. The minor din of the streets was muffled in that hoarse, terrible roar, which lasted for a full half hour.

On the scenes in restaurants and cafes we will not lift the veil. In most instances the managers had discreetly drawn the blinds, and we shall follow their example. New Year's eve is New York's night, and in their own mad way New Yorkers enjoy it to the full, literally and metaphorically.

* * *

THE induction of Rev. Chas. A. Eaton into the pastorate of the influential Madison avenue Baptist church of this city took place on Sunday morning last. This important call—I believe that is the term—which came to Dr. Eaton a couple of months ago, was no doubt read with considerable interest in Toronto, where for several years he played an important part in the religious activities of your city.

Prior to the Bloor street pastorate, Dr. Eaton labored in a modest vineyard in Massachusetts. When he was called from Toronto to the pastorate of Euclid avenue Baptist church, Cleveland—Rockefeller's Cleveland church, to give the full impression of its importance—it was generally thought that the highest possible pulpit honor had been conferred on the young Nova Scotian. This, however, was indirectly to set a limit to the influence of Standard Oil in the spiritual affairs of this country. I have no special authority for saying it, but I think there is little doubt that the call to New York was made on the recommendation of Mr. Rockefeller, whose good opinion of his Cleveland pastor has been freely circulated.

Madison avenue Baptist is not the Oil King's church, of course, nor is it likely that he will forsake Fifth avenue and his own chosen spiritual adviser, Dr. Aked, to throw in his lot with Dr. Eaton. But his influence in the Baptist church generally is supreme, while the need of Madison avenue church has no doubt brought him closely into its counsels. When this church, therefore, second only in importance to his own, needed a pastor, Mr. Rockefeller was in all probability consulted. This, of course, in no way impugns the motive or reflects on the sincerity and spiritual earnestness of Dr. Eaton. That his abilities will measure up to the great opportunity before him, those who know him best have least doubt.

Dr. Eaton is not a great preacher—this generation is not producing great preachers apparently—and that he stands out more or less conspicuously from his fellow laborers is as much evidence of the mediocrity of the pulpit in general as of conspicuous talent in himself. But he is a student of social conditions, is modern in the sense of insisting on the broader sociological aspects of Christianity, even at the risk of modifying his theology, and seems to be in himself a spiritual force.

The stipend of the new charge, if I remember, was given as $12,000 per year, but those who infer from this princely salary a luxurious pastorate, with rounds of opera and good dining, and its most arduous task, next to digestion, the humoring of the whims of the rich, are gravely misled. This large and influential church is evidently in a very rundown condition. The number of empty pews was an early intimation of that fact, and pamphlets circulated through the pews confirmed it. According to these it would seem that the continued existence of the church had been in doubt, and that it has been maintained only through the generous contributions of a few—a very few—of its members. Dr. Eaton, in his sermons, moreover, stated that he was taking up the burden without illusions or undue elation. He is confident, however, and hopeful of building up a strong militant church in accordance with very definite ideals. He did not unfold these ideals with particular definiteness, which was perhaps wise, in view of the complex character of the new field and a necessarily imperfect knowledge of the conditions that confront his ministry.

The subject of his discourse was one calling for limitless vision—"The place of the church in modern life." The doctor's vision, although not yet a prophet's, may be clear and growing, but his remarks on the subject scarcely exceeded the bounds of the commonplace. The dominant note, however, was militant, a note which his sweet, almost beatific, countenance scarcely suggests.

"No drones are wanted," we are told. "If you are looking for some soft, secluded place, where you can sit and sing yourself away to everlasting bliss, we have nothing to offer. We are not in that business. But if you are seeking a chance to put your manhood where it will count for you and for your fellows; where the fight is hot and sacrifice and service are the order of the day; if you want to bear burdens, receive scars, and do a man's work in a man's way, seven days a week, we have a place for you."

* * *

BROWNING, it seems, still has his clubs and societies. This knowledge was brought home to us here in New York last week through an invitation to the Browning Symposium, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, under the auspices of the New York Browning Society. The symposium continued for two days, three programmes taking place each day, with a buffet lunch served at one dollar between the morning and afternoon sessions. "Personal Reminiscences" and "Browning as a Royal Lover," were among the many subjects traversed.

The New York society is, from all appearances, exclusively a ladies' organization, and the age standard for admission to membership has aparently not been fixed too low. This is probably to assure a proper seriousness of attitude and an unmixed devotion to the great poet's memory. The tone on the single occasion on which I attended was reverent in the extreme. The social tone was equally unmistakeable. In fact, so unmistakeable, that, contrary to expectation, the glittering ballroom of the Waldorf seemed a very proper setting for the poet's admirers.

For some unfathomed reason Browning clubs invariably excite the risibilities of outsiders. Apart from the rustle of silk garments passing to and fro in the midst of a recitation, which struck one as incongruous, there was nothing in the proceedings to call particularly for laughter—not even in the jokes. Nevertheless, these clubs are a subject for a jest, and, remembering this and being more or less a moral coward, I was particularly unobtrusive in enquiring my direction of the elevator attendant. Evidently, however, he mistook my attitude for an attempt to be confidential, and in tones of a stage herald, acquainted the crowded foyer, as well as myself, with the fact that the Browning Society was on the second floor. To be caught with the goods may be embarrassing, but to have one's soul bared to an unfeeling throng! . . The embarrassment was not over, however, for at every turn of the long, luxurious corridor one heard, "Browning Society this way," and saw a gratuitous contribution to the mirth of the announcement. Professor Hiram Corson (Cornell), whom I had hoped to hear, was not present. There were other absentees of lesser importance, causing awkward pauses in the programme. Prof. Frederick H. Sykes (Columbia), who is well known in Toronto, was on hand, however, and read a scholarly paper on "The Browning Monologue in Relation to the Shakespearian Soliloquy." This of itself made the night worth while.

* * *

GOVERNOR HUGHES began his second term of office on New Year's day. After taking the oath, he delivered an address, outlining in a general way the policies that will guide his second administration. The duties and responsibilities of the Governor were also gone into with some detail, no doubt with a view to reminding the party machinery that his ideals of public service have undergone no change since the memorable campaign in November. He said:

"We do not expect that in the representative activities of government we shall ever be free from the weakness inherent in our human nature. Nor on the other hand may we set bounds to progress. Our ideals must ever rise above our conduct and we can correct our practices only as we take counsel of our best aspirations and seek with unremitting persistence to attain the goals of free society."

* * *

THE activities of the League for Political Education resulted last week in a lecture on "Decent Journalism," by Dr. William Bayard Hale, author of the famous interview with the Kaiser, which was withdrawn from publication in The Century Magazine. Dr. Hale's recent experiences qualify him to speak on the subject with some authority.

This week the league announces a lecture on "The Curse of Education," by Mr. Harold E. Gorst, son of Sir John Gorst, and brother of Sir Seldon Gorst, who succeeded Lord Cromer in Egypt. Mr. Gorst is also a brother-in-law of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" and "The Winterfeast." Mr. Kennedy is announced to take part in the discussion following the reading of the paper.

J. E. W.

The Alleviation.

ONE month my lady is pleased to wear
A collar cribbed from De Medici;
A little later she's dressed her hair
In coifs Elizabeth loved to see.
Her lines go drooping despairingly
As styles of the "Thirties" they next express.
Though shocking these changes to you and me—
Supposing the manners went with the dress!

Some Rennaisance morning you'd have to bear
The sight, perhaps, of your chum (were he
Unloved in the heart of your lady fair)
Departing in poisoned agony.
In Tudor periods you would flee,
That voice whose tones were a sweet caress,
Which now with violent oaths makes free,
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

Those Stuart corsets we men could spare,
But yet it's fitter she sip her tea
Than match your potions until you care
No more how riots the family spree.
The Georgian bonnet does not agree
With our conception of taste, but less
The gaming losses, the banker's fee,
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

Dear, though your costume range history,
Your own sweet self is the same to bless:
And I'm content, as I ought to be—
Supposing the manners went with the dress.

—Layton Brewer, in Life.

The Right to be a Woman.

A WRITER in Life indulges in these somewhat timely reflections:

Those of us who happen to have been born women, and wish to remain so, are having a hard time of it. It is expected that we shall vote, that we shall go about lecturing, or, if we have social ambitions, that we shall play bridge, travel the rounds of resorts, tour Europe, and deck ourselves out in all sorts of fantastic and grotesque habiliments.

There are some of us, however, who desire to be women. We wish to retain our native modesty, and that superiority over the men which comes from being permitted to perform our natural functions. We do not care to compete with men on their own ground, because we feel that this would be a distinct abrogation of some of our sacred privileges.

One of the reasons why we desire still to be women, is that we desire to continue in power. We, as women, are somewhat fond of politics, of what the world is doing. We prefer, however, to exercise our power in these directions through the men, whom we can easily control, rather than to unsex ourselves, and by placing ourselves on the same level with them, permit them to exercise their own inclinations without our interference.

We prefer to superintend our own households, as we have never had cooking done by outsiders that quite took the place of the dishes we have learned from our mothers. Neither do we care to look any more hideous than necessary when walking abroad. Therefore, if there is no objection on the part of any one, we will remain women, and whether as old maids or mothers, continue to exercise our progressive influence.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

As supplied to the

Emperor of Germany,
King of England, Prince of Wales,
King of Spain, etc.

PERHAPS YOU ARE PUZZLED

How to fill the vacancy between the old or soiled clothes and the new. Few clothes are really worn out and you want to make use of what you have. We have special processes for cleaning all kinds of clothing, either for ladies or gentlemen.

If you have an expensive waist, party frock or evening cloak, gentleman's fancy vest, that is soiled, send it here to show what our work is like. Out of town people should send for our booklet, "Cleaning & Dyeing."

FOUNTAIN, MY VALET.- Pressers, Cleaners and Repairers of Clothes

30 Adelaide St. West. Telephone M. 5300

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED

BELFAST, IRELAND,

REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers

To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World

Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

IRISH LINEN Linen Sheeting, two yards wide, 48c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 87c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 15 in. wide, 9c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 12c. per doz. Glass Cloths, $1.15 per doz. Linen Diaper, 12c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 16c. per yard.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 24c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.64 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.89 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 32c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)

MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.28 per half-doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics of Robinson & Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Children's, from 30c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 66c. to $2.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to $4.00 per doz.

IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all new-set shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 66c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.06; India or Colonial Outfits, $53.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $82.94; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland

Note—Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

Established 1791. "The test of time."

Horrockses'

Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes

ARE THE VERY BEST

the "Old Country" can produce.

See the Stamp "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

OBTAINABLE from the leading stores in the Dominion

The GOLD MEDAL for Quality in the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to

White Horse WHISKY

By Royal Appointment To His Majesty King Edward VII.

MACKIE & CO., DISTILLERS LTD.

LAGAVULIN DISTILLERY, ISLAY. Estab. 1742
MALT-MILL " "
CRAIGELLACHIE " GLENLIVET

Quality, the Secret of Success.

NOTE—Any person proved guilty of re-filling our empty bottles with inferior Whisky will be refused supplies.

IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S La-rola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)

Sole Makers M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

For saving Time, Labour, and Money.

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH
COFFEE ESSENCES

Make Coffee equal to that prepared direct from Coffee Beans.

Hooper's Meloderma

delightfully softens, harmlessly heals and matchlessly beautifies the skin. Large bottles, 25c. and 50c.

HOOPER'S
THE QUALITY DRUG STORE
83 King W., Phone M 536

HEADQUARTERS FOR
Account Books

Full Stock Every Kind on Hand
Special Patterns Made to Order
Loose Leaf Books
A SPECIALTY
BROWN BROS.
Limited
Stationers—Blank Book Makers
51-53 Wellington St. W., Toronto

THE PAPER FOR THE CANADIAN.
PUBLIC OPINION
A Weekly Review of Current Thought and Activity.
EDITED BY PERCY L. PARKER.
Why you should read
PUBLIC OPINION
BECAUSE It presents the cream of all the best thought in the best Papers, Magazines, and Books.
BECAUSE It gives, every week, lengthy and informing summaries of two of the most important books, so that in the course of a year the reader is put in possession by direct quotation of the main features of over one hundred books.
BECAUSE It contains suggestions for debates on topics of the day.
PUBLIC OPINION can be sent to any part of Canada for 13s. a year, but through the advantages of the new Canadian Magazine Post two copies can be sent for the same postage as one. Therefore the subscription for one copy is 12s. and for two 21s. 4d., provided they are both sent to the same address.
All orders should be addressed to the Manager,
PUBLIC OPINION
31 and 32 Temple House, Tallis Street, London, E.C., England.
Specimens free on application.

ELUSIVENESS.
A perfume with an aggressive pronounced odor is to be avoided. Elusiveness is one of the charms that makes
KERKOFF'S DJER-KISS
(Pronounced Dear Kiss) the most refined and artistic of all. A dainty fragrance so subtle it is difficult to trace its source.
Violette Kerkoff is of equal quality and has the natural scent of fresh violets.
Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water, and Toilet Soap come in either Djer-Kiss or violet odors.
For sale everywhere.
KERKOFF, Paris France.
ALFRED H. SMITH CO. Sole Agents, New York.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MISS GRACE MACKENZIE, youngest of the six daughters of Mr. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, came out on Wednesday night at a large dance given by her parents in honor of her debut, in their beautiful home on the Davenport Hill. Everything combined to make this the smart and joyous event of the season; the weather had changed from the mild, damp, unseasonable and depressing type, and after a day of sharp frost and flurries of snow, a great full moon flooded the night with glory, and the clear invigorating air seemed to get up the highest spirits and a zest for the dance which has not seemed very noticeable at most events. Benvenuto was indeed a lovely sight, redolent with thousands of flowers, shining with thousands of lights and filled with the *fin fleur* of Toronto's fairest society. Mrs. Mackenzie, in a quiet rich black gown, touched with jet, bid her guests welcome in the hall, the debutante a vision of beauty and girlish grac in a white spangled net Empire gown over satin and her soft light brown hair banded with white tulle, in a quaint little style exactly suiting her, receiving compliments with a happy smile, and eager to get away to enjoy the dance. Mrs. Scott Griffin in black, with white on the bodice; Mrs. Arthur Grantham in white lace strewn with handsome embroideries in artistic lines; Miss Ethel Mackenzie, fair and beautiful in white and gold, and Miss Bertha in white and silver, while the exquisite little bride, Mrs. William Beardmore, was in white and palest blue, made, with the little debutante, a sextette of daughters of whom their parents may be justly proud. Miss Mitchell, a cousin, who was bridesmaid at the wedding of Mrs. Beardmore, was a pretty guest at the dance. Some of the guests danced in the drawing-room and hall, and others in a fine room down stairs, where music was also provided, D'Alesandro's men playing upstairs. Most of the guests had met at the New Year's Eve dance at Chudleigh, and a few others were Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Temple, Miss Zadie Drayton, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie, Miss Estelle Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. McGregor Young, Mr. Grace, Mr. Avery, Miss Winifred Plummer, who was indisposed and missed the dance last week, but who looked very pretty in white satin at Benvenuto; Mrs. Ward in a smart black gown, Captain Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. Roy Wood, Mr. Agar Adamson, who got back to town on Wednesday; Mr. Harcourt Vernon, Dr. Stevenson, and many others. Quite an excitement attended the arrival of Mr. Stewart Houston introducing Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lauder, who were quite lionized, Mrs. Lauder wearing a white lace afternoon gown, and the inimitable Harry in Scotch costume, "plaidit, bonnet an' a'." Supper was served at twelve o'clock, the dining-room being a bower of flowers, and special tables being set therein for the family party and intimate friends. Other quartette tables were carried into all the rooms, and the supper was begun by an onslaught on the bonbon crackers, from which the weirdest caps an bonnets were extracted and donned by the merry crowd, adding another picturesque touch to what was already a scene of great beauty and charm. From that moment the fun never lagged, and the whole event was one touching a high notch in the record of perfectly managed and lavishly carried out entertainments in Toronto. A trio of delightfully pretty and fascinating little matrons, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Sidney Small and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, and their husbands arrived quite late from a dinner. Miss Ina Matthews brought her guest from England, Miss Mary Campbell looked very well in peacock green, Miss Helen Warren was radiant in white crepe with painted chiffon trimmings. Miss Walker and Miss Alexander were very pretty in dainty gowns. Miss Melvin-Jones brought her cousin, Miss Manning. The men were so many that some extra popular ones occasionally occupied the wall-flowers' bench, and, needless to say, the debutantes and all the fair dancers were kept busy.

The visit of Miss Manning, of Saulte Ste. Marie, to her relatives at Llawhaden was the *raison d'etre* of a very pretty luncheon, given in her honor by Miss Melvin-Jones on Tuesday. Covers were laid for thirty at an oval table in the sun-room, and a very charming coterie of girls assembled in holiday spirits to enjoy the little feast. Miss Manning's visit has been all too short for those who had the pleasure of meeting her. She is not only a pretty, graceful girl, but has brains, and is of a studious turn, being now engaged in taking a course at Ann Arbor College. It is hoped that she will come again to Toronto and make a more extended visit.

Mr. R. S. Pigott paid a holiday visit to Montreal, where a small coterie of old friends spent the New Year together, as has been their habit, I understand, for a number of years.

Mrs. Duncan (nee Armour), who is having such a round of gayety during her stay in town, gave a pretty luncheon on Tuesday at the King Edward to a few of her old friends, who have pursued the "giddy little white golf ball" in her company during many happy and healthy hours. The circular table at which the dainty refection was spread was appropriately decorated with holiday red, carnations and ferns being employed, and a pretty little souvenir of good times was presented to each lady, a golf ball in a smart little bag, embroidered with the name of the recipient. Mrs. Duncan's guests included Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Bristol, Miss Neville, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mrs. H. Burns, Miss McLean Howard, and Miss Evelyn Cox, all enthusiastic and successful golfers.

The amateur theatricals, which were described in this column recently, are to be repeated next Friday night at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression, in North street, the proceeds to be given to the new Creche and Work Bureau, which is doing so much to help poor but willing workers. The playlets to be presented are light and catching, and not too ambitious to be well rendered, and the players have already proved their ability to do them justice. A list of the cast was given in the former notice, and a full house should greet them next Friday. Tickets may be had from Lady Thompson, Lady Edgar, Mrs. George Burton, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Michael Chapman, and Miss Christobel Robertson.

The past fortnight has been full of gay doings for the young folks, dances occurring every night, sometimes two on one night, causing an *embarras de richesses* to popular girls and cadets of unusual charm. On Monday of this week Mrs. Osler's dance for Cadet Alan Meredith and Mrs. Lockhart Gordon's dance for Cadet Gordon jostled each other, dividing parties and houses in the effort to do honor to both. At Craigleigh there was nothing left to be desired by the happy party, and Mr. and Mrs. Osler gave them a delightful time, while down town, at the hospitable home on the east side; the heads of the house were assisted by a couple of pretty daughters in doing the honors. The daughters of Craigleigh, each in her own home, are busy with their own family affairs, though sweet Mrs. Wilmott Matthews is always ready to be her mother's best aid in matters of social import. In each case at the dances on Monday night a few privileged elders were invited.

On New Year's Day Col. Campbell Macdonald had a joyous visit from the members of the 48th Highlanders' band and pipers, who were given a hearty welcome at his home in Huron street, and also next door, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith. The jolly musicians made a round of visits, beginning with their colonel, D. M. Robertson, and calling at the Cosbys, the Wilsons, Dunedin, Major Michie's, and Colonel Davidson's, and maybe others, until night closed in upon their spasm of attention to social usage. It was a gay time they had, and they tell of it with a reminiscent shake of the head.

Miss Macdougall, of Montreal, an old friend, is visiting Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, and a very pleasant tea was on at their handsome home in Wellington place on Wednesday in honor of their guest. The affair was not a large one, only near friends being invited by the Misses Mortimer Clark.

Miss Nita Hunt, of London, is staying with Mrs. Cosby at her home in Lowther avenue, and several small affairs have been given for her. On Wednesday Mrs. Willie Davidson gave a small tea to a few friends to meet Miss Hunt, who is always most attractive as guest of honor.

A gay and glorious time was enjoyed by the officers of the 48th Highlanders, when they entertained Harry Lauder at luncheon at mid-week.

Mrs. Hay gave a very jolly dance at Strathearn on Wednesday night for her young people and their friends. The Hay twins and their dark-eyed elder sister, Margaret, were capital hosts.

Prof. Lang has paid a short visit to Florida during the Christmas vacation. An interesting announcement, in which this popular gentleman is specially interested, is, I hear, soon to be made.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, gave a charming dinner on New Year's Eve, when good wishes for this New Year were very hearty to host and hostess.

Miss Macdonald, of Cona Lodge, and Mrs. Charles Macdonald gave a tea yesterday to which guests were bidden to meet Mrs. Frank Hobbs, one of the charming brides settled in Toronto recently.

Mrs. Sidney Small gave a very enjoyable tea on Monday afternoon for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Small, who has been East from Chicago on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Small. Mrs. Hanbury Budden (nee Small), who was also in town from Montreal for the holidays, and Mrs. Hume Blake presided at the tea table, which was beautified with pink roses. Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, Miss Marjorie Braithwaite, and the Misses Morrison waited on the guests, who included Lady Moss, Mrs. Willie Gwynne, and her guest, Mrs. Douglas Young, of Kingston; Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion; Mrs. Elmsley, Mrs. Van Straubenzee, Mrs. Walker Bell, Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, and Mrs. Graham Campbell, of Carbrook.

Mrs. Fred Patterson, Mrs. Millichamp, and Mr. Norman Patterson have been at St. Catharines for a short visit.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson, who was quite ill last summer in Nova Scotia, and went home for treatment, is now her old self again, very well and very busy in her studio in Old London. She is doing some beautiful stencilling for a Canadian home, which some of us may see later on. Mrs. Ravenshaw, her mother, who has many friends in Toronto, is quite a sufferer from rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Cameron Thompson have left for a three-weeks' trip to New York and the Southern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel McLenaghan, Perth, Ont., announce the marriage of their daughter, Harriet Elizabeth, and Mr. William Anderson, of Toronto, which took place on December 30. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will be at home after February 1, at 213 Avenue road.

The Argonauts' ball takes place in the King Edward on January 15, and is being very largely patronized, the tickets selling rapidly. At time of going to press, the following lady patronesses had promised their names and influence: Lady Clark, Lady Moss, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mrs. Cooper Mason, Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. Greville-Harston, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. John Kay, Mrs. Archie Langmuir and Mrs. Sidney Small. Others were to be added to this imposing list as soon as they sent in authority to the committee. In view of the seclusion of his Honor and Mrs. Gibson from all the gay doings this month, their names do not appear on the cards, but their good wishes for the success of the dance are cordial.

Miss Adele Boulton, who went to New York last year to take up a course of nursing, has been obliged to return home, having had an attack of blood poisoning, which is particularly exasperating, in view of her splendid success in her first examinations, when she got 96 per cent. of possible marks, and was second in a class of forty. Miss Adele was much interested in her profession, and as happy as possible. She has been quite ill for a week or more, but is now, I hear, on the mend, and I hope soon to chronicle her complete recovery.

Mr. Vincent Greene has been spending the holidays with his family in Bloor street. A fine young cadet son, from R. M. C., has also been up with Mr. and Mrs. Greene for his vacation.

Mrs. George H. Perley is giving a dance at the Golf Club in Ottawa next Tuesday, in honor of Miss Campbell Macdonald, who is visiting her.

PLEATING
of each and every description for Fancy Neck Ruches, Waist Trimmings, Hat Trimmings, Children's Dresses and Skirt Flounces.
SKIRTS
in Gored, Circular, Princess and Pleated Styles.
BUTTONS
in different styles of round, flat and new combination of cloth and satin.
A. T. REID CO., Limited
266 KING STREET WEST
Tel. Main 2568. BRANCH OFFICE: 112 Yonge St.
TORONTO
MONTREAL: 210 Birks Building

Choice Cut Flowers, Funeral Designs, Decorations of Every Description : : : :
Dunlop's
96 YONGE ST.
We deliver anywhere on the continent, and guarantee safe arrival. If you require anything in our line give us a trial and be convinced.

Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa

After a strenuous game on the ice—a tramp through the snow—or any other violent exercise—enjoy a steaming cup of Cowan's Cocoa. It relieves fatigue—renews strength—and refreshes the entire system. 108
The Cowan Co. Limited - Toronto.

Ashby-Jackson
MILLINERY SALON
113½ WEST KING STREET

At The Theatre
—OR—
WHEN CALLING

It is often a problem how to keep the hair from becoming disarranged from wearing the hat, and from the winds and the weather. One wants one's hair to look as becoming with hat on, as when the hat is removed, for the way the hair looks makes the picture of hat and face complete.

The Cure For mussed hair, flat hair, thin hair, hair that won't stay dressed, and hair that is sufficient to fill in the space between face and hat is a Pember Spring Pompadour. Light, dainty, beautiful and natural, it makes one's face charming with hat, and always looks well-kept and artistic when hat is removed.

THE NEW PEMBER STORE
Specializing Spring Pompadours Next Yonge Street Arcade

During Demi Season
We make for you a beautiful
Man Tailored Suit
Large range of cloths. Satin lined.
$35.00
Spring '09 styles now in.
MacKay
Ladies' Tailor
M 5266 101 Yonge

BIOGRAPHY IN CAPSULE

No. 10.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, one of the greatest and most successful "candidates" in the United States, would have been elected President on any one of three occasions if the voting had not gone against him on each occasion. Mr. Bryan is the only man in the country that does not take himself seriously. He would rather be the chauffeur of a real President than be the sole owner of all the scrip of a gold mine located out of megaphone distance of the limelight.

Mr. Bryan has his right arm and finger pointing heavenward with a panacea for each and all of the separate ills that beset the nation of which he has been the near-executive. He advertises extensively, and thus has created quite a demand for his wares, only so far he can't break in and get the official jobbers to handle his goods for general consumption. Mr. Bryan is placed by fate in a very awkward position. At election times, if prosperity is rampant, the mass of voters hesitate to hoist Mr. Bryan and his theories onto the platform where the switches are worked. And if times are hard, they feel the occasion is not one that entitles them to risk making them harder.

Mr. Bryan understands this perfectly, and busies himself with editing his Commoner and scalping out suggestive paragraphs which he will finally incorporate in his platform when the time comes for him to decide, after pressure, to run again for office. Mr. Bryan running for President is now as much an institution in the United States as the eagle on the back of a silver dollar, and the peerless one from Nebraska is content to do his part so long as there is no hitch in the programme.

When not engaged in preparing interviews, Mr. Bryan gives much attention to his business as a contractor. Out of piles of lumber, much of it kiln-dried and a certain proportion unseasoned, Mr. Bryan prepares planks which are taken over by individuals who afterwards sit in the chair as President.

In his first Presidential campaign Mr. Bryan contracted the habit of stalking onto the rear nickelled platform of a private Pullman and there holding by the spell of his oratory masses of people who came from farms and factories to get a glimpse of the great man, and decided afterwards to vote for the other fellow. Mr. Bryan also found the motion of a swift train pleasant, the meals delightful, and the porters respectful. A habit like this once formed is hard to break.

Originally Mr. Bryan decided that William R. Hearst would be a good man to help promulgate his propaganda, but when Mr. Hearst discovered that Mr. Bryan could not help Mr. Hearst, he dropped Mr. Bryan. About that time Mr. Bryan decided not to advertise in any more of the Hearst chain of editorials.

Mr. Bryan, as is generally known, is wedded to Free Silver. The alliance is one of those unfortunate contractual relations that great men are prone to fall into, to their ulterior embarrassment. When the bride-elect was shown to the great American family, they decided they would not like their new stepmother. However, the fatal ceremony was gone through, and although Mr. Bryan's political life partner is kept much in the background, she has a nasty habit of appearing inopportunely and reminding everyone of a past that some are trying to live down.

Mr. Bryan would very much like a separation, but under the circumstances all Massachusetts could do for him would be to grant a decree *nisi*, which would prevent him from wedding again, and as for a straight divorce that would create such a scandal in the family that it would be fatal to the standing of the applicant in the Federal community.

So, although the "Crown of Thorns" has been well and ably padded, it still adorns the brow of the greatest Theorist, the most able re-Thinker, and as before stated, the most successful "Candidate" that narrowly escapes election at stated intervals, that the United States has so far produced.

The Rhodes Scholarship.

DR. G. R. PARKIN has sent out a printed circular statement concerning the present situation and operation of the Rhodes Scholarships. The whole number of scholars in residence for the academic year 1908-9 is 178. These are distributed as follows among the colleges: Fifteen at Balliol, fourteen at Christ Church, thirteen each at Exeter and Queen's, twelve at St. John's, eleven each at Hertford, New College and Worcester, ten each at Merton and Wadham, nine at Oriel, eight each at Lincoln and Pembroke, seven each at Brasenose, Trinity and University, six at Magdalen, four at Jesus, and two at Corpus. There are, in addition, eleven ex-scholars in residence for the October term, engaged either in teaching, research or special study for examination. The total so reached of 189 is the highest point in numbers hitherto attained.

During the present month there will be started to end by April, an election for scholarships in Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Newfoundland, Jamaica and Bermuda, while five German scholars will be nominated by His Majesty the Emperor of Germany.

Speaking of the athletics of the Rhodes scholars the report says: Four scholars (all South African) played in the Rugby football team against Cambridge—one of these, W. W. Hoskin (Trinity), being the captain of the team. Two scholars represented England and one Scotland in International Rugby football matches. In athletic sports five scholars (three American and two Colonial), in cricket one (Colonial), in lacrosse seven (five Colonial and two American), in lawn tennis two (Colonial), and in water sports two (Colonial) represented Oxford against Cambridge.

Notes from Montreal.

WITH the advent of the new Bishop, there is no doubt that Anglican Church work in the city of Montreal will receive a great impetus. The complex nature of the population, the necessity for further church extension, the constant influx of newcomers to the city make the duties of ownership especially onerous, but they will be faced by a man of vigorous and resolute mind and in the prime of life. It is noteworthy that the appointment of comparatively "young" men as bishops in England, in recent years, has proved conspicuously successful. The episcopates of Bishop Ingram, of London, and Bishop Gore, of Birmingham, exemplify this. Doubtless the nomination of Dr. Lang—who recently declined the See of Montreal—to the Archbishopric of York, will be as amply justified as his earlier selection as Bishop-Suffragan of Stepney. But the choice of so young a prelate to fill the Northern Primacy is probably unique.

* * *

The revolving-door which serves as entrance to the General Post-Office, Board of Trade Building and other public offices of Montreal, doubtless has its uses, but its drawbacks are obvious. Passing through with a stream of hurrying folk, you are compelled to go their speed, and that is—a rush. You are shot through—as it were—at express speed. The pleasant side of this is that you are forcibly reminded of the old roundabouts and merry-go-rounds you used to patronize when you were a boy. The reverse picture is that you get many a nasty knock in the course of a twelve-month, unless you are the nimblest of beings. What so rapid an entry-and-exit implies for feeble old men and nervous women, one need not say. The pessimist might argue that the revolving door is responsible for more than one serious illness set up by shock and bruise, and he would not, perhaps, be far wrong. Anyway, would it not be possible to invent a substitute equally useful and not quite so—well—risky?

* * *

One is not surprised to hear a certain amount of "strong" language, from time to time, in passing through the streets of any great city, but really the quantity and variety of profane talk to which one is compelled to listen in Montreal call for some protest. It is the commonest thing to hear the most sacred names uttered in the lightest manner; and oaths "rapped out" as if they were the most trivial commonplaces. Little boys blaspheme openly and unrebuked; and well-dressed men and women—from whom something better might be looked—garnish their conversation with "swear-words." Something is wrong here; and public opinion needs educating on this painful point. Were the evil not widespread, or were it confined to the ignorant and uncultured, criticism would be superfluous. But this obtrusive, flagrant blasphemy calls for repression, if not by the law, at all events by definite action on the part of citizens. One might suggest, as a preliminary, that a prominent notice, "No Swearing Allowed," be posted in all theatres, moving picture exhibitions, public dining-rooms and street cars. Teachers in elementary schools, also, might well warn their classes, from time to time, against the peril of profanity. Anyway, some speedy check should be given to this intolerable nuisance. SUN-BEAM.

In Bethlehem.

THE white star made a way for them
Across the fields of Bethlehem,
Who came to worship at His feet
And kiss her tattered garment's hem.

The ox hath raised his voice to show
The way wherein their steps should go:
And they have entered with their gifts,
And One hath smiled upon them so.

Above the frankincense and myrrh,
They heard the deep-breathed cattle stir;
But they have touched His baby hand
And felt the trembling smile of her.

Amen! Amen, but would to-night
A star could lead my steps aright,
To bow my head upon His feet
And weep my heart out in His sight!
—Theodosia Garrison, in Munsey's Magazine.

The English Unemployed.

TO solve the unemployment problem in England the curious suggestion is made to organize a big scheme for the recovery of the treasure lost by the English King John Lackland of Magna Charta fame in the Lincolnshire quicksands nearly 700 years ago. At a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries at Cambridge (says the London correspondent of The New York Sun) W. H. St. John Pope, vice-president of the Royal Archæological Society, presented an exact reconstruction of the King John's fateful journey. The three most trustworthy chroniclers of the time agree that the catastrophe took place in the Well Stream, a sea arm which connected with the Wash, the bay which separates Lincolnshire from Norfolk.

On October 11, 1216, King John, after raging furiously up and down England in his interminable quarrels with his barons, marched out of King's Lynn, Norfolk, where the townsmen had propitiated him with rich gifts. Three or four thousand knights and cross-bowmen were with him, also a long train of wagons and pack horses.

This baggage train was to take a short cut across the Well Stream, which was fordable at low tide and provided a path five miles long over unstable sand to Long Sutton, where John with his horsemen would await its arrival. The convoy had only got half-way across when the tide set in with unexampled fury and engulfed them all, man and beast.

What was quicksand in 1216 is firm ground in 1908, reclaimed by diking and draining. In the wagons was the plunder of half a kingdom and the royal treasure of a king. It is certainly worth recovering.

Making Good Resolutions.

THE gibes of the comic papers have gone far towards bringing into disfavor the good old custom of "turning over a new leaf" on the first of the year. Yet, taken all in all, wasn't the making of good resolutions on this day of days (says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine) a good thing for everybody? Of course there was much backsliding—to err has not ceased to be human—but most of the resolutions were adhered to at least for a time, during which the makers were in all probability the better therefor. So don't hesitate to make good resolutions New Year's time. One good one would be, not to encourage other people to break theirs.

This is what the Windsor Record thinks: If Lord Roberts really believes that an army of 500,000 men could easily and quickly invade Britain, he should not get out and hysterically vent his fears on the house-tops. It is safe to say that even if such an invasion could be accomplished with a British fleet in the North Sea, the greater part of the half million would have to stay. They might get in by some miracle not yet revealed, but they would never get out.

Champ Clark, who succeeds John Sharp Williams as leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, is fifty-eight years old and was born in Kentucky. He is a tall, handsome man, with square shoulders and a big, deep chest. He takes up three or four aisles and most of the space in the well of the House when he makes a speech. When he is through he is blowing like a porpoise and mopping his bald head with a red-bordered handkerchief.

The deposed President of Hayti was at least the oldest if not the most distinguished of living rulers, for his years are estimated to be anywhere between ninety and one hundred, the exact date of his birth being unknown. Nord Alexis has lived, accordingly, nearly as long as the Haytian Republic has, and at times it has seemed as if he might outlive it.

Mirbeau's play, "Le Foyer," seems to be renewing the riotous nights of Sardou's "Thermidor," in the nineties at the Theatre Francais in Paris. In "Thermidor" Sardou dared to question some of the traditional glories of the Revolution; the audiences resented his point of view; there was clamor within the auditorium and tumult without, and the piece was speedily withdrawn from so "official" a stage as that of the Comedie. Mirbeau's piece is bitterly satirical of social, moral, and financial hypocricies as an Academician and a philanthropist incarnates them. A part of the two audiences, thus far, for the piece have resented it; while another part has as vehemently applauded it, with resulting "demonstrations" within and without that the police have finally suppressed.

WE ANNOUNCE

JANUARY REDUCTIONS

IN THE PRICES OF

LADIES' FURS

Every Garment in Stock offered at Manufacturer's cost—and less, in many cases.

WE are going to clear out the furs. Stock-taking comes at the end of the month.

Every garment is worthy of this store. Some are models, but the majority were produced by our own factory. The skins were expertly chosen, and we guarantee the style and quality of everything offered.

Remember that every reduction mentioned in the following list is made upon the regular economical Simpson prices.

Genuine Alaska Seal Jackets—In popular styles, 24 inches long, elegantly finished. Regular $250.00 and $275.00, for .. $197.50

Persian Lamb Jackets—With fine Canada Mink collars, revers and cuffs, 24 inches long. Regular $150.00, for $112.50

Plain Persian Lamb Jackets—In new military and other styles. Regular $140.00 and $150.00, for $112.50

Baltic Seal Jackets—In two leading styles, 24 inches long. Regular $55.00, for $37.50

Natural Muskrat Jackets—"Dropped," showing full length stripe; two styles. Regular $50.00 and $55.00, for .. $37.50

Nearseal Jackets—Best quality, popular shapes. Regular $35.00, for $23.50

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Statement of the Affairs of the Bank as at Dec. 31st, 1908.

LIABILITIES

Notes of Bank in circulation	$ 918,923 50	
Deposits not bearing interest	966,283 23	
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	3,726,119 94	
		$5,611,326 67
Capital Stock, paid up	$1,000,000 00	
Reserve Fund	1,000,000 00	
Dividend No. 16, payable Jan. 2nd, 1909	20,000 00	
Previous Dividend unclaimed	10 00	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account, carried forward	277,404 49	
		2,297,414 49
		$7,908,740 16

ASSETS

Specie and Dominion Notes	$ 848,340 97	
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	47,200 00	
Notes of and cheques on other banks	362,622 29	
Balances due from other banks in Canada	340,498 03	
Balances due from agents in United Kingdom	48,469 83	
Balances due from agents in foreign countries	340,532 87	
Provincial, Municipal, Railway, and other bonds and securities	908,030 07	
Call loans secured by bonds, debentures, and stocks	845,145 92	
		$3,740,839 93
Current loans and discounts (less rebate on bills not due)	$3,975,665 82	
Notes and bills overdue (estimated loss provided for)	2,990 44	
Bank premises, safes, and office furniture	189,223 97	
		4,167,880 23
		$7,908,740 16

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Dividends Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16	$ 80,000.00
Written off Bank Premises account	20,000.00
Balance carried forward	277,404.49
	$377,404.49

Dec. 31, 1907, balance at credit account	$241,532.26
Dec. 31, 1908, profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, rebate on unmatured bills, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts	135,872.23
	$377,404.49

W. D. ROSS, General Manager.

SWEET CAPORAL

CIGARETTES

More sold than all other brands combined

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

"The Quality goes in before the name goes on."

If you have once eaten of Bredin's Bread, you will know the taste of a finest "quality" bread.

Wholesome and good food for anybody.

The Home Made Bread is a popular loaf.

5 cents.

Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. 'Phone College 761.

CLEANING DELICATE PLUMES This weather is hard on delicate, expensive plumes. We are experts in dyeing, cleaning and renovating fine plumes and costumes. We give satisfaction.

R. PARKER & CO.
Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

Lace Curtains, Chair and Sofa Covers, and Household Draperies
Done up like new
by
The Yorkville Laundry
47 Elm Street.

THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE TO BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, DETROIT AND CHICAGO

is via Grand Trunk Railway System. First-class equipment and excellent train service as follows: To Niagara Falls, Buffalo and New York, 9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m. and 6.10 p.m.; to Montreal, 7.30 a.m. 9.00 a.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m.; to Detroit and Chicago 8 a.m., 4.40 p.m. and 11 p.m. Above trains all run daily. Secure tickets and make reservations at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

IT is officially announced that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will engage in the coastwise carrying trade between Vancouver and Prince Rupert. Early in the coming year orders for two steel-built ocean-going vessels will be placed with a British firm. The contract will call for their completion early in 1910.

The proposed steamers will incorporate the latest improvements in shipbuilding. They will have a maximum speed of twenty-one knots an hour.

In reply to the flippant jibe that when Mr. Borden lost his golf game to Mr. Taft both were playing in their usual luck, it seems necessary (says the Montreal Herald) to affirm that golf is a game of skill. About politics opinions differ.

KEEPING THE LAND YACHT SHIPSHAPE

Some Good Advice on the Care of Automobiles and How to Run Them

This chat on automobiling is full of good advice, and ought to be read with interest by drivers and owners of cars, and by those who intend to motor next season and who are already filling scrap-books with information concerning this fascinating sport. The advice is given by Larry McKilwin. It appeared in an article in the issue of Harper's Weekly for Jan. 2, from which we quote.

IS there anything about motoring or the ownership of a car that makes a man negligent or forgetful? The idea seems absurd, yet innumerable experiences point to the conclusion either that automobile owners must be careless by nature, or that the possession of a car produces some psychological effect that tends to absent-mindedness and carelessness.

It is the common experience that automobile trips, whether of a day or a week, are rarely begun without the discovery after starting that some important matter about the car has been neglected or forgotten. Perhaps it is nothing of more consequence than the failure to recharge the acetylene-generator that supplies the gas lamps, but quite as likely it is as serious a matter as neglect to tighten the brake bands. The amount of personal experience that has been gained in driving makes little difference; men who have almost lived at the steering-wheels of cars for years seem as prone to this form of shortcoming as the veriest tyro. Perhaps it is the multiplicity of things that have to be done and looked after in connection with an automobile that is the cause of the common fault; yet there are quite as many matters calling for attention about a yacht, and he would be considered a poor captain who would regularly sail from port with something overlooked. So careful and minute is the attention given by the officers of a vessel to getting her ready in every particular for leaving harbor that the term "shipshape" is synonymous with order and preparedness for any contingency.

Automobiles are the yachts of the land. The dangers of negotiating the roads are as great as those of navigating the highways of the sea; the emergencies met with are more sudden and dangerous than those encountered by water craft. Automobiles ought, therefore, to be kept always shipshape, and their captain-pilots should cultivate the habit of giving attention to every little detail. It is really inexcusable, for example, for a motorist to run out of gasoline unexpectedly on an ordinary day's run of 100 miles or less when the fuel-tank has capacity sufficient for 120 to 200 miles; yet it is not an unusual experience for a pleasure party to get stalled for want of gasoline on an ordinary run, and find themselves under the annoying necessity of walking a mile, or quite likely several miles, to buy a fresh supply, which, as often as not, has to be carried back afoot. Since gasoline is the first essential to progress in a motor-car, and it requires only the simple removal of the filling-cap and "sounding" with a lead-pencil, bit of string, wire, or clean stick, to determine the quantity remaining in the tank, the motorist might with reason be expected to assure himself of an amply sufficient quantity before starting on a trip of whatever length.

Next to fuel lubricating oil is absolutely requisite, but, since the oiler requires less frequent filling than the gasoline-tank, it is more likely to be forgotten. But the consequences of such neglect are apt to be expensive as well as annoying, for the giving out of the oil supply is not immediately apparent unless the oiling system is provided with dashboard sight-feeds, and the driver keeps a watchful eye on them so that the cylinders and bearings may not run dry and cut badly, before the driver is made aware of anything amiss by the "seizing" of the pistons or bearings and stoppage of the engine. Even the regular dropping of the oil through the sight-feeds is not a guarantee that the oil is reaching the proper points, for unless the person in charge has been looking for such defects in the garage, the oil may be wasting away through a loose connection or a split oil-pipe. Not infrequently, too, the oil-pipes become clogged and should be cleaned out.

Exhaustion of the water in the cooling system is not attended with such serious consequences to the motor, and is likely to be made manifest by boiling of the water before the cylinders become so overheated as to cause loss of power and sticking of the pistons. Nevertheless, it is a simple and advisable act to draw off some of the old water from the radiator, and add a gallon or so of clean fresh water before starting, which will prevent any necessity for making an inconvenient stop on the road and bothering some roadside resident for water and the loan of a bucket. Folding canvas and rubber buckets are made especially for carrying in automobiles, and are not very expensive. They would enable the motorist to dip up water for his radiator from any handy wayside brook, pond, or water-trough, without an apology or "by your leave" to anyone; but the automobilist who carries such a convenient article has this in common with the American dollar, that he is *e pluribus unum*.

The habit of depending upon residents of the country through which one passes for a variety of things, from information regarding routes to meals and lodgings, seems to be contrary to the real spirit of automobiling, one of whose chief charms is the feeling of independence—the freedom from time-tables, from fixed and inflexible routes, from the proximity of other human beings than one's chosen companions; the ability to go where and when one wills, to linger and stop where the country is beautiful and the way pleasant, or to rush through unattractive surroundings, to select the best places to eat and sleep; and the satisfaction that comes from a knowledge that one need ask favors or accommodation from no one nor trespass on anybody's property or privacy. Rather than borrow a tool or ask a favor, this spirit would prompt the motorist to carry the tools of a workshop and the stock of a sundries-store with him.

There is, to be sure, a limit to the amount of "junk" that can be carried on a car, but the necessary or desirable articles can be reduced to a reasonable minimum by cultivating a habit of forethought and preparedness. Fewer spare tire shoes and inner tubes will have to be carried, for instance, by the man who looks for and vulcanizes small cuts in the garage, as soon as they appear, than by him who gives no heed to the condition of the tires on the wheels until forced to do so by a blow-out. Small portable electric vulcanizers now offered in the market make this easy of accomplishment. Nails, tacks, and splinters that often become imbedded in the thick rubber of the tire tread can be easily removed if looked for at once upon returning from a ride, but if neglected will work through the fabric and inner tube and eventually cause a puncture. Tire valve-stem caps and lug-nuts work loose, and sometimes detachable tire fastenings do the same, and unless tightened they may give trouble on the road. It is, in fact, an excellent practice to go over the car with a wrench and screw-driver in hand every time it is brought in from a long ride, tightening any loose nuts on steering gear, spring hangers and shackles, mud-fenders and lamp-brackets, spreading split-pins that may have been overlooked, tightening set-screws on head-lights, side-lamps, and tail-lamps, and examining the power plant and transmission for anything out of order, from a loose cylinder bolt to a slipping fan belt. If the car is carefully inspected upon its return to the garage after each trip there will be less need of carrying along a large stock of spare nuts and bolts, washers and split-pins, bits of wire, and miscellaneous small parts and materials and tools.

Not so much work as in former years is now done on the road that can be better and more conveniently done in the garage, yet its total can well be further reduced. To give the best service and most pleasure to its owner and his family and friends, a car really should be in every way fully prepared to make a run of at least one hundred miles every time it leaves the garage. Not only this, but it should be ready to go out at all times—except, of course, when work is being done on it. In other words, it is bad policy to run it into the garage and allow it to stand with tanks empty and covered with dirt until it is to be used again, when all the work of cleaning, filling, and adjusting must be done while there are probably many other matters that demand attention. The inclination is strong, of course, upon returning from a long ride, tired, hungry, and dirty, to hurry from the car to the bathroom and then to the dinner table. While this is excusable, one should not put off beyond a day the getting of the machine into first-class condition for the next run. Sickness or accident may demand a hurried drive for the doctor at any hour of day or night, and if the fuel-tank is empty or the engine refuses to run a dangerous delay may result. A true amateur huntsman does not put his expensive fowling-piece away after a shooting trip to rust and become pitted inside from the burned powder, nor does the angler neglect his jointed rod, lines and flies in this way. And the fast thoroughbred steed driven by the horse fancier needs the most careful attention immediately upon his return to the stable after a spin, and such care is not begrudged him.

Accidents are not liable to happen as a result of derangements of the power plant, but the most wearisome delays often occur because of failure of the carbureter or ignition system to function as it should. Such trouble cannot be wholly avoided on the road, but it can be greatly reduced by simple precautions in the garage. The battery, for instance, should be tested for strength by means of a handy pocket voltmetre or by the sound of the vibrators. If the current is weak and the battery is of the "wet" or storage type it should be recharged; or, if a dry battery is in use, some fresh reserve dry cells should be stored in the car to take the place of any in the battery-box that may become exhausted on the next trip. Battery connections often work loose, and these should be examined and tightened, if necessary. If any "missing" of the cylinders has been detected it is best to take out and clean the spark plugs, and examine them closely for cracks which may cause short-circuiting of the ignition current.

Since probably nine-tenths of the involuntary road stoppages are due to trouble with carburetion or ignition, the carbureter and its attachments and the connections from the fuel-tank need special and frequent attention. A not infrequent cause of trouble on the road is stoppage of the flow of gasoline from the tank to the carbureter. Usually the location of the trouble takes considerable time, which might be saved by periodical cleaning of the pipe and draining of the carbureter, to remove any particles of dirt that may have collected. It is worth while, also, to examine occasionally the connections of the piping, which sometimes become loosened and permit the gasoline to leak, and to look at the connections between the throttle and its operating lever, which are usually of a delicate nature, and rather easily damaged or deranged when working about the engine with heavy tools.

If the motorist cares for the comfort and pleasure of his family and friends he will not neglect to give attention to such items as a suitable top with storm aprons, all ready to be raised and secured in place without delay when a storm breaks, and blankets and heavy coats to be used when the temperature takes a sudden drop, as it usually does in spring and fall with the setting of the sun. Nor will he carry tools and such frequently needed supplies as calcium carbide, cotton-waste, and cans of lubricating oil under the rear seat, making it necessary to disturb the passengers and even to ask them to alight when any of these articles are wanted. A motor-car has a perverse habit of making its balky stops at the most inconvenient times and in the least inviting places, so that women may, under these circumstances, have to step out into falling rain upon a muddy road, or stand around in the broiling sun until the repair has been made and the articles and seat cushion replaced. Cars of recent model have provision for carrying tools and supplies in boxes on the running-board, in special drawers under the front seat, or in a compartment under the rear seat which has a hinged door at the back that opens from the outside of the body, so that no one need be disturbed but the man who is running the car.

A good rule for the motorist to adopt would be to take a pessimistic view of matters relating to his machine, and to be constantly anticipating trouble. The optimist is too likely to belong to the Don't Worry Club, and to be negligent on the principle of letting well enough alone. Constant vigilance and forethought are the price that must be paid for pleasure and safety in automobiling.

Football and Fish.

THE strenuous game of football hardly appeals to the average man as a field for the exercise of humor, yet Dr. S. B. Newton, a famous Pennsylvania star of a few years ago, finds so much fun on the gridiron that he takes his annual vacation in the late autumn, so that he can spend it coaching an eleven.

They had on the Williams team last season a large and active youth named Brooks, who was so full of strength that he simply would not "step high" as he ran. As every school boy knows, it is necessary for a player to run with high knee action, so that when the enemy tackles him his knees will hurl the enemy down and out. This principle was carefully explained to Brooks, but he was so fast and heavy that he bowled over his men with ease, and he could not be persuaded to step high. At least, he thought he couldn't be persuaded.

A visiting coach noted, a few weeks later, a great change in Brooks.

"How has it happened?" he asked Dr. Newton, "How have you made him run high?"

"Oh, I invented a new game for him," answered the doctor, grinning. "When I found that talk did no good, I blindfolded him and started him sprinting. He still dragged his toes. Then I started him again and had a few substitutes throw bags of straw in his way. Do you know, he didn't turn more than three or four somersaults before he began to step high like a nice, obedient little boy. He's cured, all right."

Every school boy knows, furthermore, that it is the chief duty of a tackle on a football team to go wherever the ball goes; never, under any circumstances, to allow himself to be separated from the ball. Dr. Newton surprised one of his tackles one afternoon by asking him whether he was feeling ill.

"No, doctor," replied the youth, rather flattered to find himself singled out for especial attention by the head coach. "No, indeed, doctor. I never felt better."

"Hm! Your heart weak?"

"No, doctor."

"Hm! Your legs full of rheumatism?"

"No, doctor; there's nothing wrong," said the tackle. "But, why do you ask?"

"Oh, no special reason," replied the dry Dr. Newton. "Only you haven't been within forty yards of the ball in the last two weeks."

The doctor enjoyed his pet joke of the season when he was umpiring the late Brown-Yale game. A Brown tackle was "holding"—an offence visited by football law with a severe penalty. The doctor was vigorously honking his umpire horn—a large automobile instrument—in order to stop further play so that he could penalize the Brown team. In the midst of his honking he was interrupted by an excited Yale forward, who dashed at him, crying:

"Did you see that holding? *Did* you see that holding?"

"Holding?" mused the doctor, still honking violently. "Holding, did you say? Why, no, I didn't see any holding. I'm just blowing this horn to sell fish."—Harper's Weekly.

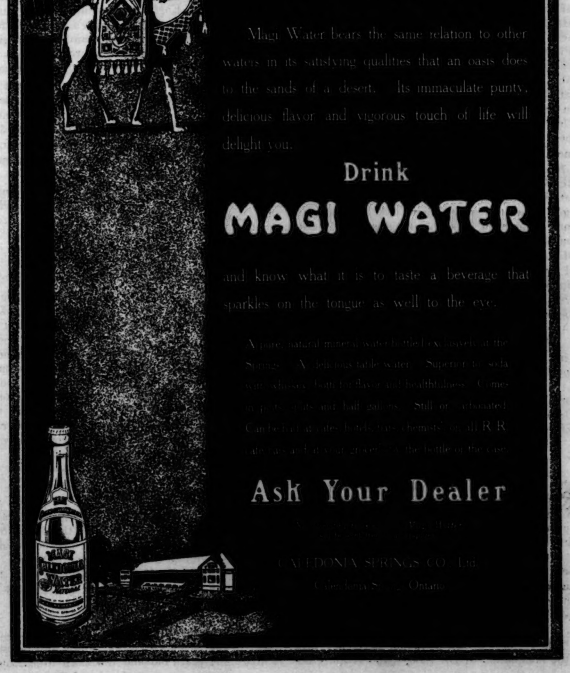
NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA, 4.05 P.M. AND 6.10 P.M. DAILY

via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley (the only double-track route). The 4.05 p.m. carries buffet, library, parlor car and elegant coaches to Buffalo, and Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia and New York. The 6.10 p.m. train has through Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York, and parlor, library, cafe car and coaches to Buffalo; also Pullman sleeper Buffalo to Philadelphia. Make reservations and secure tickets at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

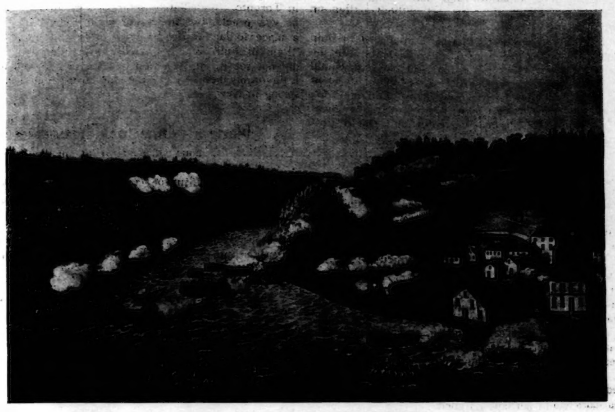
"Officer, I appeal for protection. A man is following me and attempting to make love to me." "Begorry, Oi've been lookin' for an escaped lunatic. Where is he?"—Kansas City Times.

Dashaway.—How much money has Miss Spliter got? Cleverton—I don't know. I've never been enough in love with her to find out.—New York Herald.

Mrs. Dyer—Have you had any experience in taking care of children? Applicant—No, ma'am. Heretofore I've only worked for the best families.—Puck.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS



THE BATTLE OF QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.
An Old Sketch Credited to Captain Dennis.
From "The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey, published by William Briggs, Toronto.

IN 1893 Wilfred Campbell, of Ottawa, one of the best known and most scholarly of Canadian poets wrote an historical drama entitled "Mordred," which was published, together with "Hildebrand," another play, in 1895. This drama, based on the legendary career of King Arthur of the Round Table, elicited enthusiastic plaudits from not a few literary men, including Thomas Wentworth Higginson, whose opinions are founded upon taste that is catholic and whose judgment of poetic aims and achievements is authorative, if academic. Moreover, the editor of Walsh's Magazine pronounced "Mordred" to be "by long odds the greatest work yet accomplished by any Canadian poet." And Franklin McLeay, the distinguished Canadian actor, who read the play in manuscript form, expressed the opinion that it was the most important dramatic work since Shakespeare's.

The appearance, therefore, of a new book of plays by Mr. Campbell may be looked upon as something that ought to stand out among the literary incidents of the present season, as an event. Such a volume, entitled "Poetical Tragedies," has just been issued by William Briggs, the well-known Toronto publisher. It contains "Mordred," "Hildebrand," and the author's most important tragedies, hitherto unpublished, "Daulac" and "Morning." Mr. Campbell entertains an earnest belief in the values of poetic world-drama. Shakespeare is his model. He is convinced, apparently, that modern drama, with its localisms, and its tendency to become a mere vehicle by which actors and actresses may exploit themselves, is trivial in comparison with the great Greek tragedies and the dramas of Shakespeare, which, as he says, "lift the thought and imagination to a loftier plane, and are concerned only with man's personality in his relationship to those more sublime and terrible laws of being which mysteriously link him to deity." As to the themes of the dramas in Mr. Campbell's latest volume, it may be well to quote again from his preface, which is terse: "The four tragedies are widely separated in their subject-matter. It is a far call from Arthur of the Round Table, of ancient Celtic Britain, to Daulac, of the French Canadas, and they each are seemingly separated from the fortunes of the great Pope Gregory; yet these plays are included in one volume because they deal with those eternal problems of the human soul which all of the world's thinkers have had at heart."

"Mordred" is a tragedy that is tragic to the point of gruesomeness In dealing with the Arthurian legend, Mr. Campbell disclaims any thought of rivaling Tennyson in the matter of artistry. He seeks merely to clothe the human problem involved in dramatic form according to his own dramatic ideals. Mordred, the illegitimate, deformed son of Arthur, spurned alike by the King and by Queen Guinevere, discovers that secret love exists between the Queen and Launcelot, and upon this knowledge he bases a plot to usurp, the kingdom. The accomplishment of his purpose and the fate of himself, of Arthur, and the other principals constitute a dramatic story, dramatically and masterfully presented.

In "Daulac" we have the tragedy of the hero of the Long Sault. "The Daulac des Ormeaux of Mr. Campbell's drama is the young French officer, Adam Dollard, who in the spring of 1660, with sixteen companions, saved the colony of New France—all there was then of Canada—by holding at bay an attacking party of Iroquois at the Long Sault, on the Ottawa, some distance from Montreal. This feat was the most glorious in the annals of French Canada, and was re-enacted, with becoming ceremony, in pageantry during the Quebec Tercentenary fetes last summer.

"Morning" has no historic foundation, being based on a myth. But its theme is pressingly modern, as may be seen from a quotation in which Leonatus, a noble-minded citizen of the mythical city of Avos, denounces cynicism and voices his belief in human nature and the world:

Leon. Yea, she speaks truth. I am a weak old man,
A feeble wreck of life's poor promises;
But God is kind, yea, kind, though man be cruel.
Ha! Ha! you mock me, scoff me, sneer me down,
Would turn my trust to folly, make me dream
This life a lie! The very winds of heaven
Would freeze me to it. The very stony stars
Would iron me to it. The pitiless icy night
Would shrivel my spirit to it—all in league
With hellish doubt and damned obliquity
To make me doubt the Highest. Even, my child,
Thou shalt not do it; even thy sorrowful eyes,
Thy broken loves, thy daily silent patiences;
Thou famished, glaring Hunger! Thou pale Want!
Back, back, all spectres of this hideous world!
In spite of all, in spite of all, I trust.
You shall not bear me down.

"Hildebrand" is the tragic story of Pope Gregory VII., for whom Mr. Campbell cherishes a great admiration, deeming him the greatest of the Popes and one of the greatest figures in history. This drama extols the heroism that rejects compromise for conviction at any cost.

Whether Mr. Campbell's tragedies will ever, on the stage, make such appeal to thought on problems of universal interest as their author would wish them to, remains to be seen. But the appeal exists between the covers of his book. Whether many Canadians, beyond a certain student group, will read the dramas, also remains to be seen. But they have undoubted value. This is a day of topical verse and topical drama. And drama and poetry are pretty completely disassociated in the average mind. Where this tendency will lead us in matters literary and dramatic it is difficult to predict, but it is safe to say that we need not worry as to the ultimate result. In every department of work and art there are workers who act as anchors, helping us to hold to certain good old standards. We may perhaps class Mr. Wilfred Campbell as one of these. And young Canadians who are trying to build up ideas on literature and drama—those interested in the development of these branches of art in this country—will do well to read Mr. Wilfred Campbell's tragedies as well as the latest productions of those who write in a more popular vein. It will contribute to their literary experience, and will help them in the direction of forming well-rounded opinions and a discriminating taste.

HAL.

* * *

ONE of the most important literary announcements of the year has just been made by the Canadian publisher of R. W. Service's "Songs of a Sourdough"—a book which has had the greatest sale of any Canadian book of verse in Canada, there having been up to the present over twenty-eight thousand copies issued—to the effect that they will issue very shortly Mr. Service's new book which will be entitled "Ballads of a Cheechaco." This title will be somewhat confusing to the general public as was the title "Songs of a Sourdough." It may not be generally known just what the title "Songs of a Sourdough" means. In the Yukon a Sourdough really means an "old-timer," the term originating from a custom of the old-timers, who, in baking their bread on the trail, kept over a sour piece of dough for their next baking, instead of yeast. The "tenderfeet," or greenhorns, as they were sometimes called, did not know of this custom. It was in this way that the term "Sourdough" became synonymous with the old-timer. The title of Mr. Service's new book, "Ballads of a Cheechaco," will actually be the ballads of a "Tenderfoot," as "Cheechaco" has that meaning in the Yukon.

* * *

An interesting book just issued is "The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey, of Toronto (William Briggs, publisher, Toronto; price 85 cents net). This is the first of a series of volumes to be known as the "Canadian Hero Series." In this new life of General Brock, Mr. Nursey has produced an interesting and valuable volume, and it is unusually handsome in the matter of illustration. It contains some six illustrations in three-color printing from original paintings by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, a well-known Canadian artist, illustrations which will add considerably to his reputation as a Canadian historical painter. Mr. Fergus Kyle has also done some original work for this volume. A number of the illustrations in photogravure are from very rare paintings and drawings. One of these is a photograph of the tunic worn by Sir Isaac Brock at Queenston Heights, where he was mortally wounded. This tunic was recently presented by the descendants of Brock to the nation. This book is being published primarily for young people, and will be used considerably throughout the country by the pupils in Public schools. This life of Brock is the first in the series to be known as Canadian Hero Series. The issuing of books of this class is a very commendable idea.

* * *

William Briggs states that the best sellers of their publications during the Christmas season were "Songs of a Sourdough," by R. W. Service, of Dawson, and "Sowing Seeds in Danny," by Nellie L. McClung, of Manitou, Manitoba. Good for the Canadian West and North!

A book which followed in the position of a close third was also the product of a Canadian. This was "Anne of Green Gables," by Miss L. M. Montgomery, of Prince Edward Island. It is rather a remarkable fact that each of these three books is the first production of its author. Canadian readers will, therefore, look forward with interest to their next contributions to our literature.

* * *

The Daily News of Port Arthur issued a handsome holiday number, containing a great deal of well-written material suitable to the season, and recalling early days in the town.

* * *

The Art Calendar for 1909, issued by the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, is a very handsome one, being a reproduction in colors of a fine painting by the well-known American artist, Thomas Moran, N.A.

* * *

The Steele-Briggs Seed Company have sent us a copy of the richly-colored calendar issued by that firm for 1909. Coming from a seed house it appropriately glows with flowers.

* * *

"State Control of Courses of Study," by Fred J. Brownscombe, just published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, is a volume giving a bird's-eye view of educational systems of to-day. It will be found genuinely interesting for reading and study, and invaluable for ready reference. It is specially useful for students of education in colleges and normal schools. It shows the relation of the State to education and the position of the schoolmaster in different countries.

* * *

The great interest now being taken in the Canadian Northland, which is at present unsettled, and also in the Canadian West, which is rapidly filling up, is shown by the great demand for Mr. J. W. Tyrrell's new book, "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada." The publishers report that almost every one who has ordered copies of "Across the Sub-Arctics" has written in very shortly after for lists of all the books on the Northland and the Great West. Several illustrated articles in the Canadian periodicals based on Mr. Tyrrell's "Across the Sub-Arctics" are also bringing in a great number of inquiries for books on the Great West.

Mr. Mair's book, "Through the Mackenzie Basin," which was issued several months ago, has had a very large sale throughout the West and the demand from the United States has also been very good.

The Canadian Almanac for 1909 has just been issued by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto, and is more than ever indispensable to business men, because of the information it contains on all kinds of subjects. The Almanac has been published continuously since 1848, and this year's is the sixty-second of the series. It contains 496 pages, and sells for 50 cents.

REA'S STORE FOR WOMEN

BEAUTIFUL GOWNS AT INTERESTING PRICES

Gowns for dressy occasions of daytime or evening.

Cloth and Satin costumes—graceful, clinging models in Princess and Empire fashions, wonderfully elaborated with self embroidery, soutache braiding, richly colored embroidered bands and laces.

A gown of pinky-grey Henrietta voile "en Princess" is handsomely embroidered and braided in self.

One of bright sky-blue cashmere in Empire-surplice style is finished with heavy torchon lace yoke and beautiful buttons of satin and gold thread.

Another gown of pale heliotrope is heavily silk-embroidered and decorated with bands of rich Egyptian embroidery.

A foulard satin of violet hue — a clinging, graceful model, has embroidered bands of filet net, with lace yoke and sleeves.

A Greek gown of golden brown satin, is quaint and distinctive; minutely tucked cream net yoke and long close sleeves.

Special prices on every gown in stock—$20, $25, $30, $35, up to $60.

A. E. REA & CO. LIMITED 168 Yonge St. Phones M. 5125-3749

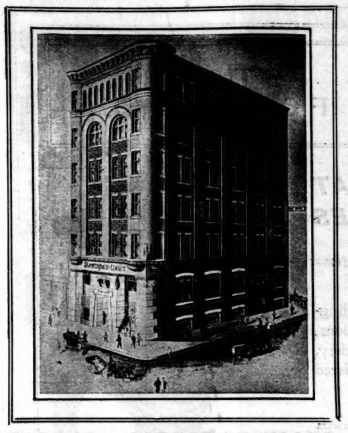
Fry's PURE Concentrated Cocoa
THE CHEAPEST HEALTHIEST & MOST ECONOMICAL
D. MASSON & CO., Agents - - - - - MONTREAL AND TORONTO

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone { Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments. } Main { 6240 6241

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:
Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 255) MONTREAL

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:
Byron House, 85 Fleet Street, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors.

Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to American, European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 22. TORONTO, CANADA, JANUARY 9, 1909. No. 13.

!?. POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE .?!

Sir William at Gravel River.

SOME years before Sir William Van Horne gave up the general managership of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the question of reducing freight rates was a burning one in the West. There were no railway commissions in those days, and the only way that reduced rates could be got was from the railway company. Newspapers conducted campaigns all year on this subject, and when Sir William Van Horne went to Winnipeg on his annual tour of inspection, reporters were sent down to the station to meet him and ask as pointed questions as possible. It may be remarked in passing that the news that he was on his annual trip caused an additional sweeping to be given every station platform from Montreal to Vancouver.

"And make me station agent at Gravel River."

Once when Sir William's train was about due in Winnipeg the eagle-eyed depot master noticed that an incoming train had dropped half a dozen lager beer kegs from the express car on to the express platform near the station. The kegs were all right as to place, but unfortunately most disorderly as to appearance, three of them standing upright on their ends in an irregular line, while the other three were on their sides. Calling a porter the depot master gave a hasty order and when the general manager's special steamed in those six kegs were drawn up as stiffly as a guard of honor.

It was Sir William's custom to receive all the reporters at once in his private car, and to give them ten minutes before he left for his trip uptown. Then came a rapid crossfire of questions and answers upon which many editorials were based in the coming year.

On this occasion one of the reporters put the question point blank: "Sir William, why don't you reduce the freight rates on wheat?"

Sir William's answer this time was not rapid, but it was for the occasion conclusive. Leaning back, puffing gently at his cigar for a minute or two, and closing his magnificent and penetrating eyes, he began in a half reminiscent strain in this manner:

"On the way up there was a washout on the line and we were detained for some time at Gravel River. I am the general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is an important position. I like it. I hold it because I have the confidence of the directors of the company and I want to retain that confidence. Now if I were at this time to do any such foolish thing as to reduce the rate on wheat the directors would take me from my present post and make me station agent at Gravel River. Did you ever see Gravel River?"

When the Press Gallery Assembles.

MOST joyous of the re-unions that will take place when Parliament assembles on January 20 will be that of the Press Gallery. The boys will have larger quarters than those which have been allotted to them for some years past, and this of itself will lend additional zest to their gathering, for they have been in need of more working room for several years. And what a gathering it will be. You who have never been privileged to attend such a one—what do you know of real wholesome enjoyment? Perhaps you think you know something about singing. Did you ever hear the Press Gallery men on an off night, or early in the morning after a strenuous day's work, singing, "In the Evening by the Moonlight," or "Sing me a Song of the Sunny South"? If not, then you do not yet know what singing is.

Some of the members of last year's Gallery will not be present when the gathering takes place—their Ottawa days are over. But in fancy they will picture the scene. They will hear the good-natured chaff, and the hearty greetings, the free and easy and absolutely frank opinions of the Government and Opposition sides expressed by men who, whatever the papers they represent, are not partisans—when "the Gallery is in session." And, finally, they will picture to themselves the scene when the genial Tom King, of The Toronto World, rises to deliver his first "oration" of the session. As he gets on his feet there will come the chorus, "Long Live the King," only the boys will have it "Tom King," and Tom's winning smile as he waits until the last word is rolled out, and then will come Tom's "oration"—it seldom varies. "Mr. Chairman, having for the moment torn myself away from the great task to which my life is devoted, namely, the amending of the British North America Act, I beg to ask, through you, that Mr. Robert MacLeod start the most enjoyable part of this evening's programme by singing 'Annie Lowery.'" (It is a tradition in the Gallery that owing to his long residence in the United States Tom cannot say "Annie Laurie.") And Robert—the genial "Bob"—will comply after a few deprecatory coughs, and you may be sure that everybody—French-speaking and English-speaking alike—will join in the chorus.

"The Whale," by Arthur B. Hannay, the resident correspondent of The Montreal Herald, whom Bob MacLeod always refers to as "The Rosebud," will follow, and in quick succession will come "O Canada," by Eddie Grange, of The Globe; "The Nipper" and "My Old Dutch," by Sid Roe, of The Montreal Gazette; "The Boys of the Old Brigade," by Fred Cooke, Ottawa correspondent of The Mail and The London Times, and songs by the French-speaking newspapermen. Last, but not least, there will be calls for John Garvin, known in Toronto of old as a great lacrosse player, now an Ottawa newspaperman. "The Low-Backed Car," "The March of the Cameron Men," and "Drill Ye Tarriers," are the songs that the Gallery insists upon from John, and they always get them.

In the intervals Paul Bilkey, of The Toronto Telegram, the bright wit of the Gallery, will get away with some smart sayings. And, in the early hours of the morning there will be a final chorus in the main entrance of the Parliament Buildings, where the fine vaulted roof gives a glorious echo, and the boys will depart to their respective homes or boarding houses. O to be there, if for that one night only!

Wallace Nesbitt as "Junior."

EVERY member of the bench and bar in and about Toronto, from the veteran justice to the recently titled lawyer, is enjoying to the full a story that has come back to town concerning Mr. Wallace Nesbitt and the Privy Council. All of them know Mr. Nesbitt. They are aware that he stepped down from a high place on the bench to again mingle in the fight as one of the best versed legal men in practice on constitutional and corporation questions of law. In short, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt has a reputation as a distinguished lawyer throughout the country, second to none.

The tall, carefully garbed lawyer is always listened to with the greatest of attention by courts he addresses, for even though he enunciates what seems at first like a startling departure from the code, judges know that his comprehensive knowledge of all branches of his subject may take him even farther than they have been. This must be kept in mind to appreciate the points of the story.

During the hearing by the Privy Council at London of the appeal in the famous Steel-Coal controversy, Wallace Nesbitt appeared for the Dominion Iron & Steel Company, but for the purpose of argument before the learned court, the Steel Company retained Sir Robert Finlay to appear for them.

It is more than probable that Mr. Nesbitt knew more about the intricacies of the case than did Sir Robert. At any rate when the London man was pleading, Mr. Nesbitt rose a number of times and interjected remarks to keep things straight. It became evident to those who knew the Lords that some of them did not like this, even though Mr. Wallace Nesbitt had appeared before them on numerous occasions formerly. Finally, however, the chairman of the court spoke up after a little extemporaneous address from Mr. Nesbitt, delivered, as the court thought, in the wrong place, and gazing at Sir Robert Finlay, addressed him thus:

"It would greatly facilitate the present hearing of this case, sir, if you could manage to keep *Your Junior* quiet."

It is said this terrible dig kept Mr. Nesbitt quiet for a good half-hour.

No Chance for Spirits Now.

JUDGE LANDRY, of the Supreme Court of new Brunswick, and leader of the New Brunswick Acadians, is said to hold a tentative belief in spiritualism, ghosts, etc.

Such a reputation hardly consists with that of one of the best weighers and sifters of facts that ever held a judicial position. But whatever his personal belief the judge does not scorn discussion on this fascinating subject. He recently asked a compatriot named Belliveau if the latter believed in ghosts.

"I used to," said M. Belliveau. "When I was a boy I think they come back from the grave, and when I was a young man people see spirits. But nowadays, you see, the doctors, with their physic and their drugs, they make a man so darn dead he can't get up."

Put on Long Trousers to Vote.

ALMOST a Toronto alderman was Fred G. McBrien, twenty-one years old, on the night of January 1. He was the youngest candidate ever entered in a municipal contest here, and he came within twelve votes of winning third place in Ward Six.

Mr. McBrien is not sure that the fates did not have something to do with his defeat.

"It's a curious thing," he remarked after the City Clerk had announced the figures of the Ward Six votes, "but on three successive nights last week I dreamed that I was defeated by twelve votes. And twelve votes it is!"

They tell a rather interesting tale in Ward Six about the first vote that Mr. McBrien cast. It was four years ago, and Fred was then but a lad of seventeen. But he was on the assessment roll, because he held certain property in the Ward. From the assessment roll to the voters' list is quite a natural step, and young Mr. McBrien made it without difficulty and without action on his own part.

Finding that the powers that be had vested in him the right to vote, he determined to exercise it. But he was wearing short trousers at the time, and it would never do for a voter to appear at the polling place in such a garb. Nothing daunted, the young politician borrowed and donned a pair of long trousers, marched down to the polling booth, marked his ballot, and cast it, unchallenged.

"Sore Ones" Who Voted for Reduction.

AMONG the causes for the victory of the Reductionists in Toronto on New Year's Day which have been overlooked, has been the unscrupulous hotel man, who fills bottles with bad liquor and charges fifteen cents a glass for it. Hundreds of men in this city paid grudges of this kind on election day.

For instance, a well-educated Toronto man who understands the whole question, and was fully determined to vote against the by-law, went into a hotel on Queen street on the day before the polling, and on asking for a drink of Scotch, was handed a bottle with a fly-specked label containing a fluid somewhat resembling vitriol in appearance. On election day he promptly voted for reduction on the theory that the wiping out of a bar of this class would perhaps do good.

In connection with this illegal but flagrant practice of selling impure liquor a good story was told some years ago anent a former colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles. The colonel was a good soldier who drank in moderation and relished a glass of good spirits when fatigued. One summer at Niagara camp, after a hard day's work in the sun, he took a stroll about the village with the captain in his regiment. They dropped into a small hotel, and called for two whiskies. The colonel quickly drank his and on the instant became deathly sick; indeed he almost fainted. Whereat the proprietor came running out of the office, and, speaking savagely to the bartender, exclaimed:

"Great heavens, man, you must have given the colonel the farmer's whisky!"

Trustee Levee a Society Man.

TRUSTEE L. S. LEVEE, who headed the poll at the Board of Education election last week, confesses to being a member of some fourteen secret societies. This may, perhaps, partially explain how he rolled up nearly 15,000 votes — several thousand more than were ever polled before for a school trustee in Toronto.

It was in his early years of public life that Mr. Levee made his reputation as a "joiner." In talking about it the other day he remarked that he found fourteen societies kept him on the hustle attending lodge meetings. "When I would be at home on Sundays my children would be asking their mother who that strange man was," was the bit of hyperbole that he used to size up the situation.

Nowadays, however, Mr. Levee does not find it possible to cultivate his society associations as assiduously as he once did. But, nevertheless, he finds that when election day rolls around it's a nice thing to have friends in fourteen societies.

Toronto's Interest in "Paid in Full."

AMONG a certain circle of local newspaper men, Eugene Walter, the author of "Paid in Full," is very well known. In the days before critics proclaimed him the great American playwright he was a frequent visitor to Toronto and made many friends among the writing fraternity by his wit and *bon-camaraderie*. He first blew in—blew in is the correct phrase for a breezy chap like 'Gene—as the agent in advance of J. H. Stoddart's in "The Bonnie Briar Bush." This was in the famous actor's first season as a star, when the piece was being done with a very fine cast. Young Walter privately confided to a few that it was his first week as an agent, but by his brisk methods he managed to lay the foundations of a popularity for the old actor that endured so long as he lived. He told a few of the boys, however, that press-agency was not his vocation and that he had half a dozen plays on the stocks. His essentially plastic mind made him see drama in every trivial incident.

In conversation the writer has often heard him stop in the midst of a bantering conversation and say: "By Jove, that would make a bully bit of dialogue in a play." Walking along King street some street episode would arrest his attention and he would remark: "That would go well on the stage."

Good agent as he was when he applied his mind to it, he had a haughty spirit which prevented him staying with any company long, and rumor would reach his friends up here that 'Gene was down and out. Sometimes rumor would come that he had a newspaper job in some city or other. He was indeed regarded as a hopeless wanderer and Bohemian.

One day he came back looking fine; he was agent for Forbes Robertson, in that season regarded as the most important star on the road. Every one was glad to see him, and in the month he spent in and around Toronto he not only did good work for his star, but cemented old friendships in a stronger degree than ever. Then came the inevitable news that he had been fired, and at the conclusion of Mr. Robertson's second week, he was told that he could look for another engagement. He felt especially bitter because there had been nothing wrong with his press work. Indeed, he had friends in the newspaper fraternity of Toronto who would help him out any time.

The man who dismissed him was Joseph Brooks, then chief of the publicity department for the firm of Klaw & Erlanger. Before he left Toronto he said: "I'm writing a play that's got the meanest hound in it that God ever put breath into and when that play's acted the character's name will be 'Joseph Brooks.'"

Nobody realized then that he was discussing what was to become the greatest monetary success of a decade, and was to be the open sesame for a hearing for other plays of merit—the drama, "Paid in Full." The fictitious Joseph Brooks who figures in this piece, has brought Mr. Walter so much in royalties, that he can afford to forgive the other Joseph Brooks against whom he registered a vow in Toronto. Immediately before its production, however, he was practically starving in great New York without a place to lay his head. It is interesting to note that "Paid in Full" was first tried out in Canada. Toronto did not see it, but Hamilton and London pronounced on it favorably before it created the furore that it did last spring in New York.

Made a Name for Themselves.

A TORONTO man had heard of an unclaimed treasure in the form of a domestic servant somewhere in the back parishes of Simcoe county. By rail and stage he hastened to the place, eager to be the first to humble himself before the feet of the haughty future mistress of his kitchen.

Preoccupied with his plans for securing her, and in a consideration of the ways and means, it was not until he had left the railway miles behind that he had time to think of her name.

"These people to whose house you are taking me have a peculiar name," he observed. "Strathcona! Where did they get it?"

"Oh! it wasn't always Strathcona," said the driver. "They used to call themselves Smith. But Lord Strathcona, you know, his name was Smith; so when he changed his name they changed theirs."

Two Anecdotes.

"A Constant Reader" sends a budget of anecdotes which we may publish if we think any of them worth it. We do, and here are two of them.

INFORMATION DE BAS EN HAUT.

ACROSS the border, where they "hustle," even in their speech, the habit of using initials such as "W.A.," "W.F.M.S.," is almost universal, and here in Canada, especially in Western Ontario, we are rapidly catching it from our American neighbors. Thus we have for railways the "G.T.R." and the "C.P.R." and the "C.N.R." and the "T. H. & B." for secret societies the "A.F & A. M." the "A.O.F.," "C.O.F.," "C.O.O.F." and "I.O.O.F." "A. O.U.W.," "I.O.G.T.," "K.O.P.," "K.O.T.M.," "R.M.C." "S.O.T.," "A.P.A." and "P.P.A.," "L.O.L." "I.P.B.S." and "I.C.B.U.;" for schools "B.S.S.," "O.A.C.," "O.C.P." "R.C.D.S.," "S.P.S.," "T.C.S." "U.C.C." and many more well known (to the initiated) by this "shortened form" of their respective names. No wonder, then, that it is sometimes considered expedient to give information and explanation, even to the highest circles, as to the meaning of these cryptic symbols.

Therefore, I was not surprised to hear that at the annual meeting last June in Belleville, Ont., of an association of ladies belonging to a large and influential Christian body, the President, Mrs. ("Rev.") ——, in her opening prayer, after mentioning (by their initials) "the "W.C.T.U." and the "Y.W.C.A.," naively added: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that we would refer to the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Young Women's Christian Association."

PUZZLED.

THERE is a "beautiful home" in Rosedale where I occasionally call. Its real (though not nominal) mistress is a fair-haired little girl of about five. Last Christmas Day a friend gave her a Persian kitten, which she loves to take up and cuddle; but her mother warned her that kittens sometimes scratch. "You must watch," she said, "and see whether she is in a good humor. If she purrs it is all right; but if she switches her tail as a tiger does when he is angry, you mustn't touch her."

A few days before my last call Edith came running to her mother and said: "Mamma, pussy is purrin' wif her mouf, but she's swingin' her tail, an' I don't know which end to believe!"

"SOME men," says Billy Sunday, the slangy evangelist, "would join the church with about the same motive as they would crack a safe." His talk is much along the line of George Ade's fables. In speaking of college boys, he says that they wear hats on the back of their heads that look like fried eggs, and there is cloth enough in their pants to make four pairs. "I would not," he says, "wear such clothes to a snake race." At Spokane he told an interviewer that he had been guaranteed $250,000 to cover all expenses if he would hold a series of meetings in San Francisco, but he rejected the offer to keep his engagement in Spokane. As an evangelist he is the greatest drawing card ever.

THE aristocratic English lady is the only member of her sex who can manage to give and attend receptions and parties, go to balls and bazaars, hunt, travel, accomplish a thousand duties—and yet be a good and devoted mother.—Die Woche, Berlin.

NO one can come into contact with a good and great man without being the better for it, whether he be poet or patriot, philosopher or teacher, writer or statesman.—Queen.

Said Love to Loveliness.

SAID Love to Loveliness "Loose down thy hair—
Pluck out the golden comb, the band of pearl,
Set free the prisoned grace of braid, and curl.
To fall or ripple as it may, or dare—
Unlace thy straightened girdle, and forswear
Jewel for neck and bosom, waist and hand—
The hidden beauty of thy feet make bare;
Be thy sweet self alone. . . . Dost understand
That only so, to Love, shouldst thou be seen
A beggar maid, that he may make thee Queen?"

Then Loveliness up tossed her charming head
"Why should I stoop to be a beggar maid?
For Love as all men know, since Time began,
Suing to Loveliness, is a beggar man!"

—Madeline Bridges, in The Smart Set.

H. W. Lucy, dean of the House of Commons reporters, who has known every prominent politician for the last quarter of a century, continues his reminiscences in the Cornhill Magazine. He gives the following as Mr. Gladstone's characteristic summary of King Edward, given apparently about 1887. "A shrewd man, a keen observer, full of tact, always educating himself without deliberately sitting down to learn a lesson; rarely opening a book, but keeping himself *au courant* with whatever is going on in the world, and when the time comes for him to take his part in public business doing it thoroughly."

Canadians in Kentucky

By ALTHUR B. KROCK

Louisville, Ky., December —.

EXCEPT in the City of New York, where the roads to the entire Western world of course meet and cross, Canadians who have "made good" are nowhere found in more public appreciation than in the State of Kentuck of the United States. In Louisville, the metropolis of the commonwealth, are they especially regarded, and the places which they occupy here are unusually prominent.

In the case of every one of them, however, though they are as patriotic citizens as can be found in this bristlingly patriotic State and watch the best interests of the American people, these Canadians cling more tenaciously to the traditions and thought of their homeland than do the local dwellers from any other shores. The people of Kentucky, quick to respect patriotism of any sort, do not censure the gentle *heimweh* of the Canadian colony here, but rather encourage it.

Perhaps the most prominent of the sons of Canada in Kentucky is Alonzo T. Macdonald, once of Chatham. He is at present the leading spirit in the most gigantic and public-spirited problems before the people of Kentucky and the United States, and as secretary of the $100,000,000 Commercial Club here, he is the pivot about which swing all the "boosting" enterprises of Kentucky's chief city. For three years he was managing editor of The Louisville Herald, relinquishing that position to become Commissioner of Industries of the Commercial Club, and later becoming the secretary of the organization.

During his regime more great conventions have been secured for Louisville than in the ten years previous to his secretaryship, during which the Commercial Club was growing. He went to Cincinnati some months ago at the head of a party of determined business men to wrest from Chicago and Kansas City the National Canners' Convention, which seats a delegation of 2,500 at each assembly. So impressed was the Executive Committee of the association with the Louisville petitioners that it refused to make a choice and stole into Louisville one day to look over the city. Macdonald and his aides heard of it, and at once they descended on the canners with Kentucky hospitality gleaming in their eyes. At the end of a day in which the committee was more entertained than at any time in its collective or individual history, Macdonald and the business men associated with him had won, and the convention comes to Louisville in February, 1909.

MR. A. T. MACDONALD
Booster of Louisville.

This is one of a number of the man's endeavors. He is the enthusiastic president of the Scottish Society of Louisville, which projected some months ago a plan to bury Bonnie Prince Charlie on Caledonian soil. He is a director in a thousand charitable and public-spirited associations.

The second of the Louisville Canadians, and perhaps the most truly "retrospectively patriotic" of the colony, is Samuel John Duncan-Clark, of Toronto. His position here now is that of editorial writer on The Louisville Herald, and the responsibility of Duncan-Clark's presence in the city is traced to Macdonald, who gave him a position as reporter four years ago, while Macdonald was managing editor of the paper. Duncan-Clark has in that time taken rank as one of the foremost thinkers and writers of the city and his camaraderie has put him at the top of the newspaper men in Louisville who are beloved by the public.

Duncan-Clark is a Toronto University man, thirty-three years old, for years a preacher of the Christian or Campbellite denomination, and a poet of no mean worth. He was of the college class which turned out Arthur Stringer and Tucker, and some of the divine fire which gleamed over that assembly of young men seems to have touched him also. For a year his "Upward Look" column in The Herald here was widely read and widely copied, its mission being optimism of a truly reverential type. When the Louisville Literary Club was organized a few weeks ago, Duncan-Clark was sought at once as one of its charter members, and was called upon for a speech before its initial meeting.

Each year he returns for a month to Toronto and his native Canadian woods, and in this custom is hidden the secret of his "retrospective patriotism." Last August, though Duncan-Clark has maintained his household here ever since he became a resident, there was born to his wife in the city of Toronto, Laura Jean Duncan-Clark, a true daughter of the snows, and her parents' native heath was chosen as the first carpet for her little feet to tread. When she was born Duncan-Clark was busy writing editorials here, and it was three weeks before the time for his annual homecoming was due when he might see his daughter.

MR. S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK
Louisville Herald.

The nominations on the Socialist ticket for Mayor, Congressman and may other offices have been offered in this district to Duncan-Clark, but, as he has never taken out naturalization papers he has refused to accept and still remains a British subject. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is his pattern for American statesmen, and he has done as much toward the appreciation of that great public man in the South of the United States as any other series of local influences.

Macdonald, by service in the Colorado National Guard ten years ago, enjoys the privileges of American citizenship, and is a Democrat in politics.

Norman Rushton, of Selkirk, Haldimand County, is a Kentucky Canadian who is as well-known as any man in the State. His first stop on leaving Canada many years ago was in Ohio, and there at Hiram University and Western Reserve University he picked up his education. The oil boom in Wayne County, Kentucky, drew him thither four years ago, and since that time, in the capacity of State agent of the Commonwealth Life Insurance Company and now as city agent for Louisville, he has become widely known. His political influence in the Republican party is strong, and when the time came recently to make an appointment of a county judge in one of the remote Kentucky shires, Governor Willson listened and marked the recommendation of Norman Rushton. He is a member of many clubs in Louisville, and differs in repute from Macdonald and Duncan-Clark only in that he is a bachelor.

Mrs. Alonzo T. Macdonald, though the trimmest of housewives in the true Canadian sense, is one of the ablest musicians in the city. She rarely ventures from her own piano to delight the citizens, and a circle of friends is the usual limit of her fine voice. When Macdonald, however, in April, 1907, was president of the Greater Louisville Exposition, Mrs. Macdonald composed "The Exposition March" for Creatore, the Italian bandmaster, and with this stirring piece of music the function was opened. Since that time it has been played by Creatore all over the United States and Europe, and its first edition of 5,000 copies has been exhausted. Flora Macdonald, her four-year-old daughter, is the complement of the family. Mrs. Macdonald is also of Chatham.

These, however, distinguished and well-known as they are, but begin the list of natives of the Dominion who have identified themselves with the finest fibre of the life of Louisville. It is a distinct fact that the former Canadian in Louisville is a good citizen in the particular field to which he devotes himself, the doctorate and the clergy taking most of them, but others, like Macdonald and Duncan-Clark, broadening into various grooves. Among the medical men is Dr. C. H. Hunt, whom his classmates and that citizenry of Toronto which cares for sports will remember as the crack athlete of Toronto University in 1887. On the diamond and the gridiron he was distinguished for his prowess; and, though he has been in Louisville practising medicine for twelve years, he still retains the elasticity of carriage and the muscle to proclaim him the devotee of the gymnasium and the cinder path. He was born between St. Mary's and London, in Oxford County, and, once in Louisville, he has determined to remain.

REV. HENRY A. PORTER, D.D.
Born in New Brunswick.

The Rev. Harry Musson is one of the clergy of Louisville to whom Canada is ever home. The SATURDAY NIGHT comes weekly to his study table, and the memories of the silver St. Lawrence and the sun diamonds of the Muskokas are continually in his heart. His charge here is the Church of the Advent (Episcopal). Mr. Musson is thirty-four years old; Toronto University, '99, and Trinity, 1900. He came here three years ago from Indiana, where he was chaplin to Bishop Francis, of Indianapolis. This was the first charge he had after leaving Toronto.

Rev. Dr. Henry Alford Porter is a Blue Nose come to the Bluegrass; for Fredericton, in New Brunswick, heard his first wail and his primer charge was at Kentville, in Nova Scotia, near which stretches the site of "the beautiful village of Grand Pre . . . . . in the fruitful valley."

Dr. Porter is the son and grandson of a Baptist preacher, and with him it was a call of the blood. He was born in 1871 in New Brunswick, and took his degrees at the University of New Brunswick and McMaster College of Toronto. In 1895 he left McMaster, a Bachelor of Arts, and spent four years at the Rochester N.Y., Theological Seminary to receive his divinity work. His work in the United States then took him to Iowa and later to Oklahoma City, in the newest State of the American Union, where he rallied the Baptists and built the White Temple, one of the few examples of the pure Doric in architecture in the Western country. Dr. Porter declares that in Louisville is his work and his inclination, and as pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist Church, which, as he says, is not on Walnut street at all, but at the intersection of Third and St. Catherine streets, Dr. Porter has made his impression on the thought of the city.

Dr. George Monroe is one of the physicians whom Canada has given to the United States, and the fact that Dr. Monroe has been here thirty-three years shows that he learned his craft in a different day. He was born one-half mile from the Vermont and United States line at Standstead, in Quebec province, and a Methodist college of Standstead was his first crucible for learning. He received degrees variously from Rush Medical College, at Chicago; from Bellevue, and the Polyclinic schools in New York in the classes of 1862, 1868 and 1887 respectively. He was president of the Scottish Society of Louisville two years ago, and his medical work is that of a specialist.

Dr. Charles Moir was the Democratic candidate for Coroner of this county last year in the city campaign of 1907, and was defeated with the rest of his ticket. Nothing daunted, however, the Doctor, who is a native of London, Ontario, has announced his candidacy for the same place in the campaign of 1909, and he will undoubtedly receive the nomination with excellent chances of success, as the political tides here are setting apparently toward his partisans. Thus, Canada may contribute to Louisville a coroner. Dr. Moir is forty-eight years old and left Canada when he was eighteen, receiving his education and his start in life in the United States.

Well in the memory of people of Hamilton and Toronto is Thomas C. Barr, cashier and confidential man of the Courier-Journal Job Printing Company here. He came here direct from Toronto, where he was reared nineteen years ago, and has taken a prominent part in musical and business circles here. He is treasurer and minstrel, though the offices seem irreconcilable, of the Scottish Society; tenor in the Temple Adah Israel, the chief Jewish Synagogue of the reformed type outside New York; founder and moving spirit in the old Musical Club, and known through the South as a man of great musical attainment. He is a brother of W. J. Barr, a business man in Toronto to-day.

Peter Caldwell, superintendent of the Industrial School of Reform here, and one of the most noted philanthropists and sociological experts in the South, is a Canadian, though he has been here forty years.

The Rev. John Mockridge, rector of St. Paul's is a native of Hillier, in Prince Edward county, where his father was a clergyman, and a '93 man of Trinity. He was assistant at St. Luke's in Toronto, and for 11 years was at the head of the important charges in Detroit of the Church of the Messiah and St. Andrew's. Dr. Mockridge came to Louisville a year ago, and was welcomed by the small army of Canadians here. He is a naturalized citizen, and has made a study of music.

In Pendleton county of this State Judge Guy Fossett is county judge and a Canadian, and if it were possible to gather them all under the common purpose of a Canada Club in Kentucky—something now being projected by the men mentioned above—the Dominion would be enabled to learn as a mass of the fame and good citizenship of its sons and daughters in the Bluegrass.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHAEOLOGISTS.
Grouped in front of Toronto University during their Recent Convention in this city.

Photo by Milton Adamson.

HE DIED LIKE A BRITISHER

(A tribute to Capt. Charles Littler of the British steamship, the Sardinia, which was burned off Valetta, Island of Malta, on Nov. 30, 1908. Over 100 men, women and children perished, including many Arab pilgrims, despite the heroism of the captain, who died at the helm, remaining there even after the ship had become unmanageable.)

I.

WHAT though a wall of fire
Shuts from thy view the shore?
The smoking deck is a funeral pyre,
(Hearken to crackle and roar!)
Thine is the post at the helm,
Calm, unflinching and true:
For women and children whelm
Their hopes, O captain, on you!

II.

There is no haven in reach!
Littler, thou knowest it well!
Vainly the Arabs beseech—
Allah has sounded the knell.
Even the God of the seas
Worketh his merciless law:
Tribute of life must appease
Right that is marred by a flaw!

III.

Quit thou thy place at the wheel—
Madness but stays to the flame;
List to the Ego's appeal,
Now, it shall not speak of shame!
Thou'lt not abandon the ship?
Never to self wilt defer?
This, too, with scorn on thy lip!—
Then die like a Britisher!

New York, Jan. 4, '09. FRANK MUNRO.

The King and the Fashion.

FEW fictions (says The New York Sun's London correspondent) are more widely spread than the idea that what the King does invariably sets the fashion. Of course he does set the style of dress for the various functions he attends, and at the race meetings to which he goes in a tall hat and frock coat all men who are or wish to appear to be in the swim also wear top hats and frock coats.

But during the last year the King has most frequently worn a very dark blue frock coat, an example followed by scarcely any of his subjects. Another example of how the King fails to set a fashion may be seen in the matter of the buttonhole flower. He invariably wears a flower in his buttonhole, and each morning his servant submits three for him to choose from. Yet few really smart men in London society follow the practice. You may wander through half a dozen of the best clubs in town and not see one blossom in a coat. Even among the dandies of the House of Commons there is only one regular flower wearer, Godfrey Baring, member for the Isle of Wight.

Two fashions there are for which the King is undoubtedly responsible in recent years. One is the soft felt Tyrolean hat and the other the long leather tongue which falls in a fringe over the instep of a shooting or golf shoe.

A Prophecy.

SIR ROBERT HART, who probably knows more about China than any man living, made an interesting prophecy this week as to that country's wonderful future. That it would be wonderful he was quite sure.

The Chinese, he said, were a strangely reasonable people, but they hated the idea of having to become soldiers, and said, "If right is right, it ought to be recognized by everybody, and we ought not to be required to fight to support it." Circumstances, however, required that now they should be able to stand on their own legs and hold their own ground against the strong foreign competition which was coming nearer and nearer in view of the labor saving appliances which were being invented and the improvement of the means of communication and transport.

Now in addition to ethics they were to study Western science in order to cope with it and acquire the appliances which were in daily use here. Thus they proposed to strengthen themselves.

It was easy to imagine what great number of soldiers could be produced from a population of 400 millions of people. Possibly 100, 200, or 300 years hence those 400 millions of people would be as strong in arms individually and nationally as for instance a great European power like Germany was at the present moment, and then what would happen?

China would turn around to the rest of the world and say: "Gentlemen, there must be no more fighting." They would throw in the force of their arms with the country that was attacked and against the country that made war, and he believed that in that way the millennium would come.

That was a curious statement, but Sir Robert knows something of the Chinese character. At the same time it is well to remember that a man, especially an old man, is apt to talk—well-over-enthusiastically—about a hobby. And China is Sir Robert's hobby.

The Late Lord Glenesk.

LORD GLENESK, proprietor of The London Morning Post, who died the other day, was the dean of the newspaper peerage, which consisted of himself, Lord Burnham, the owner of The London Daily Telegraph, and Lord Northcliffe, of The London Daily Mail. Lord Glenesk was created a knight, as Sir Algernon Borthwick, in 1880. This was the first time that an honor of the kind was given to a journalist.

Soon after the knighthood had been conferred upon him Sir Algernon was at a dinner party given by the late Lord Beauchamp, and some of the guests drank rather chaffingly to the health of the new knight. Disraeli, who was one of the party, was distinctly nettled by what he took to be a slighting of honors that he had recommended and said in his most pompous style:

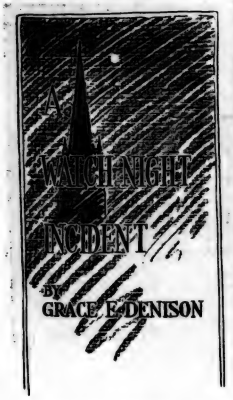
"Yes, let us drink to Sir Algernon Borthwick and the honor that he shares with Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Isaac Newton."

Lord Glenesk was made a baronet at the first jubilee in 1887 and got his peerage in 1895. Lord Burnham, of The Daily Telegraph, who started life as Edward Levy, became Edward Levy Lawson in 1875, assuming the name of his uncle by royal license. He was made a baronet in 1892 and elevated to the peerage in 1903.

Lord Glenesk was 50 when he was knighted and 65 when he was made a peer. Lord Burnham got his baronetcy at the age of 59 and his peerage at 70. Lord Northcliffe's career has been much more meteoric. Born in 1865, he became a baronet at 39 and shortly afterward was made a peer.

The Vancouver World says: Those misguided Canadians who were squelched for trying to stop a London music hall "artist" from singing a song derogatory to Canada, got just what they deserved. The "lydy" in question was on the bill to sing a song which had a refrain that ran, in her own dialect: "Wy Send Yer Sons Ter Canader. Tell Me Naow. Jawn Bull? W'ere 'Unger Stairs Them Hin the Fyse." The lady was doing a good work and should have been heartily applauded by Canadians inasmuch as the kind of John Bull's sons who would be deterred from coming to Canada by that sort of balderdash are exactly the kind that Canada wants deterred.

Judge A. Heaton Robertson has certified that he spent over $33,000 to be defeated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Connecticut. George L. Lilley, the Republican candidate, reported his expenses as $23,375. The salary of a Governor is $4,000 a year.



IT was New Year's Eve some dozen years ago, and in a certain large city, in a certain down-town street, in a certain time-worn but famous and beautiful church, there was in progress a watch-night service. People whose grandparents had resided, in by-gone days in the neighborhood of that church, drove down from scenes of gaiety in the up-town grand houses, to spend the half-hour about twelve o'clock in the dim lit church, and be serious for a season. A hansom deposited a woman at the doors of the sanctuary in good time, and the driver said heartily:

"Yessum, I'll be here for you on time. I'll not forget you!"

The woman stepped into a small pew beside a pillar, and knelt a moment with face covered by her gloved hand. When she sat upright, one could see that her features were unusually attractive, and her dark eyes were suggestive of recent tears. She compressed her pretty lips nervously, as if still partly unnerved or distressed, and as the quiet and peace of the place bore in upon her, an expression of weary sadness fell over her face and attitude. She sighed softly and fell into deep thought.

Presently a man slipped into the small pew beside her, not seeing her behind the pillar, until he leaned back and stretched himself as if he, too, were weary or oppressed. The faint tones of the echo organ welled from some far height, and the choir chanted very softly some hymn about the closing year.

The woman, unconscious of all but her thoughts, which knitted her brows and closed her lips firmly at intervals, heard the music, but heeded not. The man sat watching her, and he also heard the soft whisper, "Days and moments quickly flying," and gave no heed. Her beauty attracted him, and her loneliness. For he himself was alone and rebelling at the fact. He had paraded the busy streets, watched the hilarious groups of rounders, the boisterous greetings, the merry family parties, the excited young folks, and the comfortable old couples, all awaiting the coming of the New Year, and his nature had demanded companionship and sympathy. He had not dared to think of the home circle across the sea, the wife he adored, the parents he cherished, the children he loved. Since he had arrived in the big city, and camped out in the apartment of a comrade, who was spending the holidays in the country, he had not met anyone to whom he might give friendly greeting, but the colored man in the elevator at his residence, the janitress who did up his flat and brought his breakfast, and the men in the railway office for whom he was transacting business.

His comrade had put him up at a very good club, where he dined and lunched; he had seen the plays and heard the opera, and had been alone for a fortnight—a thing unique and unpleasant in his life.

He looked at the woman in the pew beside him with a sudden wish that she would return his look, open her eyes, unclasp her hands, be alive and approachable, and human.

The clergyman was talking in the far distance, his voice full of heartiness and earnestness. What was that he was saying about the barriers between the souls of men and women, the lack of friendliness, the cold overlooking of each other's possible needs? The man listened in surprise while the hearty human voice went on to ask for more interest and kindliness and good-will between man and man.

"Don't be afraid to shake hands with the one next you, and wish him a good New Year!" he cried. "It will do you both good!"

Just then, the woman opened her eyes. A faint start, a faint smile, and the man held out his hand, hesitatingly.

"I wish you a good New Year," he said, warmly. "I am trying to carry out his teaching."

"Thank you, I wish you the same!"

And just then the bells broke into glad clamor, and people began to shake hands, and the preacher came down the aisle in his white surplice, grasping the hands on either side, and saying, "Happy New Year," to friends and strangers alike.

The man talked on, telling the woman in hurried whispers his tale of arrival and his fortnight of solitude.

"I came in this pew because you were alone, too," he said. "I hope you'll excuse the unconventional way I demanded your acceptance of my good wishes. It was the parson's suggestion, you see!"

She laughed, with a sudden transition of expression which delighted him. The dim church was all ablaze with light now, and filled with gay subdued voices and the joy-bells' clamor.

"May I see you to your carriage?" he asked, impulsively. "Or to your car. I hope you won't think me intrusive, but—"

She held up her hand. "You're very kind," she said, pleasantly. "I shall be glad. My cabman knows me, and promised to be waiting outside."

Instinctively she accepted the unusual conditions, and kept close to him as the aisles slowly cleared. They emerged on the snowy pavement, to find a deserted thoroughfare and themselves the last to quit the church. Even the night hawk cabs had been engaged, and were scooting away in the distance.

"He is not here, I'm afraid, but we will soon find a hansom. Take my arm, please—it is slippery for you here."

She hesitated one moment. "I don't like to trouble you!" she demurred. But he caught up her words gaily.

"That's not what the parson preached. Let us try to carry out the spirit he advised, won't you?"

They walked slowly away, and presently were hindered by a vast crowd which was burgeoning in and out of a supper club.

To each waiting cab the Englishman said, "Engaged?" and the invariable reply was in the affirmative.

"Call back for you in forty-five minutes if you're taking supper," said one big cabby. "Not a cab free from now on, guv'nor."

The Englishman hesitated. "Sure you'll be back?" he asked.

"Certain, sir."

"Then we had better go in and wait," he suggested, turning to her anxious face. "Your man was probably captured as soon as he found he had missed you. I like the look of this fellow. Shall we tell him we'll wait for him?"

She shrugged her shoulders, evidently very much embarrassed.

"It's only what the parson said," he smiled. "Let us be human, kind, frank with one another. Cabby, don't be late, the lady is tired."

And he led her into the bright hall, and found just one table free, and seated her behind it, always appearing highly amused at her hesitation and perplexity.

"Only sane thing to do, isn't it?" he remarked, handing his things to the waiter. "I am positively starving, so please at least pretend to be hungry."

"But I am hungry," she burst out. "Only I cannot quite be comfortable. It's such a very queer thing—"

"Isn't it?" he said, chuckling. "But let me tell you something. It's worth while doing, just to carry out the parson's suggestion. Here are two lonely persons, both suffering from their condition. Don't tell me you weren't, because I watched you for half an hour before you saw me, and I'm as sure of you as I am of myself. I could hand you my card (Thanks, yes—everything!) And you could tell me your name, but that would spoil the experiment. (You don't take wine? Bring me a whiskey and soda, then.) As it is, I am so deeply in your debt for coming into my life for a moment, a psychic moment, that I shall prefer to think of you always only as a sort of angel visitor. We shall sup together, wish each other well, and say good-bye! I will take you wherever you abide, but will swear neither to look at the street or number. I prefer not to. If ever we should meet again, I shall be properly presented to you, if you wish."

She had nervously taken off her gloves, and he saw the wedding ring upon her hand.

"You may tell your husband if you wish, but I shall not tell my wife."

She nodded. "I shall not tell anyone," she murmured. "It would be hard to explain."

"Exactly. It's our own experience, and it needs no explanation. We are simply following the good parson's advice, and so let us do it as happily as we can. I hope you like the menu. This is a place I've been in twice, and each time I found the service and cooking excellent."

In fifteen minutes they were chatting like good comrades. He told her of his voyage, of his friend and the apartment, and she told him of her sudden impulse to attend a watch-night service, and why she had come alone.

"My husband promised to come with me, but—it was his birthday, and he's very popular, and when he got home at eleven he wasn't up to going out with me," she said, carefully.

Somehow, though, the fact which had been so hard and bitter when she sat alone in the church seemed natural and excusable as she mentioned it here, and especially when the Englishman nodded in such a friendly, comprehending matter-of-course way, and made no comment. Her face brightened noticeably after this, and the forty-five minutes was up before she could have believed it.

They hurried to the door, and were hailed by the big cabby with jovial call.

"Here y'are, guv-nor. On time as usual! Where to, lady? Yes, I know the Stanbury block—a longish way."

She folded herself in the warm rug, and held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said frankly. "I wish you every good thing, in the New Year!"

"You would rather go alone?" he hesitated.

"Much, thank you! And thank you for a very pleasant hour. If we ever meet again—it is such a small world—I shall be glad to know you better."

He stood with his hat off. "I am always your debtor," he answered. "If I were living in this city, I think I'd sit under that preacher. Good-bye, God bless you, my angel visitor."

Then she drove away, and he sauntered back into the smoking-room of the supper club, and after a few moments walked off to the L and took a train home.

As he sauntered up the street to his friend's flat, a cab which had a strangely familiar look passed him and drew up at his own door. Out of it got the lady of his thoughts, while the cabman called cheerily: "Paid me? Sure he did—five dollars, and wouldn't have no change. Happy New Year, lady! Good-night!"

The man saw her press a button, open the door and disappear within, and with a strange sense of being the victim of fate, in a happy mood, he, in his turn, after a discreet interval, also pushed a button and went in.

The elevator was just vanishing up the well as he reached it. He caught sight of a bit of black satin, a hint of sable and on the floor beside the door lay a wisp of lace and lawn. When the elevator came down, he pointed to the bit of lace. The coon grinned.

Yassur, dat's belonging to de lady jess got in—lady on six—you'se seben, sah. Good-night, sah. Happy New Year. Yas'sur; thank you, sah! You'se got a call early to-morrow? Guess should say to-day. Yah, yah! Goin' on the 7.30? Yas'sur, I'se be on till 8. See you agin, sah. Good-night!"

The man went to his bed smiling. It is really such a little world!

Kipling's India Days.

E. KAY ROBINSON was the editor of The Civil and Military Gazette, of Lahore, when Rudyard Kipling was on the staff. In a recent issue of The London Telegraph he gives some entertaining reminiscences of that time, and his association with the budding genius.

Journalism in India is uncommonly hard labor for the few Englishmen who constitute an editorial staff, and with the greatest dislike of using a razor to cut grindstones, I could not help burdening Kipling with a good deal of daily drudgery. My experience of him as a newspaper hack suggests, however, that if you want to find a man who will cheerfully do the work of three men, you should catch a young genius. Like a blood horse between the shafts of a coal wagon, he may go near to bursting his heart in the effort, but he'll drag that wagon along as it ought to go. The amount of stuff that Kipling got through in a day was indeed wonderful; and though I had more or less satisfactory assistants after he left (the staff grew with the paper's prosperity), I am sure that more solid work was done in that office when Kipling and I worked together than ever before or after. There was one peculiarity of Kipling's work which I really must mention—namely, the enormous amount of ink he used to throw about.

In the heat of summer white cotton trousers and a thin vest constituted his office attire, and by the day's end he was spotted all over like a Dalmatian dog. He had a habit of dipping his pen frequently into the ink pot, and as all his movements were abrupt, almost jerky, the ink used to fly.

When he darted into my room, as he used to do about one thing or another in connection with the paper a dozen times in the morning, I had to shout to him to "stand off," otherwise, as I knew by experience, the abrupt halt he would make, and the flourish with which he placed the proof in his hand before me, would send the penful of ink—he always had a full pen in his hand—flying over me.

He was always the best of company, bubbling over with delightful humor, which found vent in every detail of our day's work together; and the chance visitor to the editor's office must often have carried away very erroneous notions of the amount of work which was being done when he found us in the fits of laughter that usually accompanied our consultations about the make-up of the paper.

This is my chief recollection of Kipling as assistant and companion; and I would place sensitiveness as his second characteristic. Although a master of repartee, for instance, he dreaded dining at the club, where there was a resident member, since dead, who disliked him, and was always endeavoring to snub him. Kipling's retorts invariably turned the tables on his assailant, and set us all in a roar; and, besides this, Kipling was popular in the club, while his enemy was not. Under such circumstances, an ordinary man would have courted the combat, and enjoyed provoking his clumsy opponent; but the man's animosity hurt Kipling, and I knew that he often, to avoid the ordeal, dined in solitude at home, when he would infinitely have preferred dining at the club, but I could never persuade him of the folly of doing so.

Apart from his marvelous faculty for assimilating local color without apparent effort, Kipling neglected no chance, and spared no labor, in acquiring experience that might serve a literary purpose. Of the various races in India, whom the ordinary Englishman lumps together as "natives," Kipling knew the quaintest details of habits and language and distinctive ways of thought. I remember well one long-limbed Pathan, indescribably filthy, but with magnificent mien and features—Mahbab Ali, I think, was his name—who regarded Kipling as a man apart from all other "sahibs." After each of his wanderings across the unexplored fringes of Afghanistan, where his restless spirit of adventure led him, Mahbab Ali always used to turn up, travel-stained, dirtier, and more majestic than ever, for confidential colloquy with "Kuppeling Sahib," his "friend," and I more than fancy that to Mahbab Ali Kipling owed the wonderful local color which he was able to put into such tales as "Dray Wara Yow Dee" and "The Man Who Would Be King."

A Marvellous Array of Whitewear

AS is well known to all ladies who have purchased Whitewear at former JANUARY SALES of this store, we by no means confine our price reductions to the cheap, or medium grade goods.

The Very Highest Class Lingeries are Included in this Great Sale.

This year, in fact, they will be a very prominent feature of our January selling. And a daintier, richer, or more complete collection of EMBROIDERED and LACE EFFECTS, we feel safe in stating has never before been gathered together by us.

Apart from the price reductions we want you to come—whether to buy or not—just to see this marvellous array of snowy whiteness; so that you may come to know and appreciate.

EATON WHITEWEAR

Here are a few of the features that combine to make our stock such a noticeably superior one:—

¶ The nainsook and the cottons come from justly celebrated mills.

¶ The laces and embroideries are chosen by experts from amongst the choicest stocks of Europe's most notable makers.

¶ Every article is full sized—plenty of material in every garment, and to spare.

¶ And, above all, there is found in EATON WHITEWEAR a daintiness of finish—difficult to describe, but which every woman of refinement is quick to note and appreciate—an effect only to be ensured by the employment of a manufacturing staff of really high calibre.

Come this week.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
TORONTO CANADA

Dumley—Say, do you know anything about golf?

Pepprey—Not much. Why?

Dumley—What's a "bunker," do you know?

Pepprey—I suppose it's one of those cranks that simply live on the links.—Philadelphia Press.

FIVE TRAINS TO BUFFALO.

C. P. R. express trains leave Toronto for Buffalo at 7.50 a.m. daily, 9.30 a.m. daily, 3.45 p.m. (except Sunday), 5.20 p.m. daily, and 7.15 p.m. (except Sunday). Three-hour run, by the most direct line. Finest equipment between the two cities.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE
FIRST To adopt Steel Construction, 1879 SAFE
To adopt Bilge Keels, - - - 1881 STEADY
To adopt Turbine Engines, - 1905 SWIFT

CANADA EUROPE

New Steamers of the Allan Line

will provide a regular service between St. John, N.B., Halifax, N.S., and Liverpool, during the winter season of navigation.

CORSICAN HESPERIAN
GRAMPIAN TUNISIAN

are classed amongst the steadiest ships afloat. Superior cuisine, heating arrangements, ventilation, etc., ensure comfort to passengers. These steamers are, in fact, the result of over fifty years experience of the requirements of the Canadian route.

Send for illustrated pamphlets of the "New Allan Liners."

Full particulars as to rates and sailings on application to

"THE ALLAN LINE"
General Agency for Ontario
77 Yonge Street, Toronto

Unequalled Equipment. Four track line.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Only line landing passengers in New York City.

TO

NEW YORK

Leave Toronto at
9.30 a.m. except Sunday
5.20 p.m. daily
7.15 p.m. except Sunday
Through Pullman Sleepers

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LONDON
DETROIT
CHICAGO

8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m., and 11 p.m. daily. First-Class equipment.
ONLY DOUBLE TRACK LINE

COME TO TORONTO
for the
ONTARIO HORSE BREEDERS' EXHIBITION

Full information as to low rates from any Grand Trunk Agent.

LABATT'S

Recommended by physicians for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.

PORTER

JAS. J. O'HEARN & SON
DECORATORS
249 Queen Street West

Let us give you an estimate on redecorating your home. This is our specialty.

Office Phone Main 3677
Residence Phone College 436, 9 D'Arcy St.

TRAVEL TO CALIFORNIA VIA CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RY.

When you go to California see that your tickets read via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Leave Union Station, Chicago, on The Overland Limited, at 6.05 p.m., and arrive in California the third day. Another train at 10.10 p.m. daily carries through standard and tourist sleepers.

Personally conducted tourist car parties to the Pacific Coast via this railway leave Chicago at 10.10 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays.

Complete information regarding railway and sleeping car fares, routes and train service, free on request to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 8 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

"Make a good article and tell the people of its goodness and the people will buy it and continue to buy it." The truth of this statement is proved by the success of "Salada" Tea.

Lady Gay's Column

AMONG the little laugh-makers of life there has arisen an unusually cute and fetching one this season. They say a girl in Chicago first thought of the Billiken, god of good luck, as the Chinese call him, as a laugh-maker for the Christian world. He sits on his little throne-shaped chair, with his short little legs sticking straight out before him, and his broad flat feet and curly toes spread ready for the tickling finger of anyone who passes by. Such a wide-spreading grin has the Billiken, such a pair of mirth-filled eyes, slanted at an absurd angle, such a quaint killing little wisp of hair in an elf-lock on his forehead, such a paunch and such pudgy little hands; he radiates fun, does the Billiken, but queer thoughts come as one stares at him: thoughts of pagodas and yellow terrors, and pigtails and chopping off of heads, stretched necks, or grim wicker starving cages, or tortures or bastinado on the soles of one's feet. And suddenly, the Billiken grins, and one forgets all these, and grins back at him.

I have been smiling over a letter from a Newfoundlander, who, after thirty-six years' absence, went back last summer to his birthplace. Never was such a rapturous summer, never such a land, never people so loyal and memories so true, never such scenery or such a welcome home! And he raves away about it to me, knowing I will understand, because though I found his country by chance, as one picks up a jewel in one's walk, I at once knew it was a jewel of a country, and gave it that part of my heart which had been empty all my life long, waiting for the marvel of rock and sea, and sun and mist and strength and worth and courage and sweetness, which is Newfoundland. And, thus it is that I am smiling over the ardent ravings of this returned prodigal, and wondering how even Holland and Sark and the Highlands and the Guernsey dairy farm and the gay motoring days in the Midlands and the kisses of kith and kin do not banish the sense of want and loss that haunts me when I think of one whole summer in which I only saw a Sabbath morning glimpse of the far-off north corner of "God's country" as we ploughed through the Straits of Belle Isle. They have forgiven me, and sent me Christmas good wishes, those loyal folk in the Tenth Island, but I cannot help feeling a bit jealous of the prodigal, who gloated over all my beauty bits, and went trouting with my best girl, and now rubs it into me with triumphant glee!

I have a little word of farewell to write this week. We have decided to discontinue the correspondence column, and to all those good folks who have kept it up for eighteen years, I'd like to give a hand-clasp and a good wish at the last. There are over a hundred letters lying by; it seems impossible to find room for enough each week to make it probable ever to catch up with them. Other and newer ideas are demanding a hearing, and we are going to give them a chance. Any inquiries or suggestions or demands which are in line with to-day's thought, or to-morrow's for that matter, will be answered in this column hereafter, but neither graphological nor zodiacal readings will be given in future.

It is a duty one should not neglect, seeing all the beautiful places of the world, all the sunrises and sunsets, all the cascades and mountains, all the laughing countryside, all the peaceful pastorals. Do you remember the story of the old monk, who bided at home unheeding the beauties of the world, and who, being ill and like to die, had a vision of an angel who stood gazing silently at him. To this angel the sick monk said that he longed to die, and looked forward with joy to the beauty and bliss of Paradise. The angel replied: "I do not know why you should expect to take so much pleasure in the beauty of heaven, when you have taken so little trouble to see anything of the beauty of earth." The monk did not die, but on his recovery set out on travels which led him to distant parts, and opened his eyes and refreshed his soul with the glory that is revealed, here on earth, instead of yearning anxiously for what shall be revealed in some heaven one can only imagine.

There is a personality in petticoats who is greatly to my liking, because she is gradually ousting one who always annoyed me. The latter was the curate, the anaemic young parson with the thin neck, the piping voice and the wriggling motions. His hands were long and bony, and twisty fingered, his chin was weak and he poked it out, and his eyes were sufficiently meek without being rolled up to the skies perpetually. He had the loveliest knack of cheerful self-effacement, the most perfectly amiable way of accepting snubs or criticism, and he didn't often live in this country. Where he did, the deaconess is crowding him out, and what a contrast she is, brisk, busy, capable, as adept at holding a prayer meeting as at doctoring an infant with colic, or a fussy old body with rheumatics. The deaconess isn't at all afraid of important old dames or irate mothers, whose children have been reprimanded. Their tirades or fault-finding roll off her like water off a duck's back. She looks at the majesty of the one and the temper of the other as alike childish and unworthy of time for consideration. You may scare even a courageous curate, but you'll find it a good day's work to hector a deaconess. With the poor she is firm and helpful, with the rich she is grave and immovable in dignity. There was never an official who took responsibility so seriously, or who was such a fiend for detail. And before her onward march the aforetime meek and useful little curate (so useful and so of no account that a cake and bread and butter holder was named after him!) is disappearing by dozens. Where the curates go no one seems to know or care. They are not the breed that makes much noise going or coming. They fade away into some dim corner, and without their pie-plate hats, their limp, long black coats and their neck-bands, no one notices them at all.

"Women live in life, man lives in work. Man does; woman is." I wonder what the modern vote-hunter would make of that thought?

"Everyone has, deep down, a dream of how they will spend their old age," said a woman, who is an authority in her way. "It may never come within a hundred miles of being realized, but if you are honest, you'll confess that you have such a dream. Sometimes you coyly fondle it, look it over with a smile, think of it and then set it away back in a shelf of your mind. But you know its there, and you needn't deny it." And, perhaps, she's right, perhaps we each have the dream of how we shall be in old age, how peaceful and pleasant shall be our days, how full of quiet love and thought, and what and who shall be with us at the last. For we're a foolish lot of bodies at our best, and we love our dreams!

Is it true that one loves to look back upon the past, mainly because there is no element of fear in it? It seems that it was Carlyle who wrote that and he also seems to have had no joy in looking forward, as one should have, and a great interest too, because of the plenteous uncertainty of the future! The mail-bag, for instance, has its surprises this time o' year. Mislaid friends turn up, smiling the same old smile, writing the same old message of good-will, and here and there the surprise is a keen joy. Such a joy came with a little card which had one line written on it, and a name signed below, which had for years been hidden away from the world that had once quoted and admired it. Like a return from the dead was that message of hearty good will and hopeful cheer, and my soul sang with joy to know that the cloud had passed and the brain cleared, and that the brightest and cleverest and most compelling of friends was himself again. If Christmas gave no other gift, this was amply worthy of the day, and every morning I read it over, glad and thankful, and not quite realizing yet that a mind diseased has been healed and restored. "Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," it says—and faith! it gave me one!

LADY GAY.

SEE CANADA FIRST.

No country can be as interesting as your own, when it is as vast and varied as the Dominion—an overwhelming argument in favor of the C. P. R.'s all-Canadian line to Winnipeg and the Western Provinces. The other arguments, efficiency of service, comfort of trains, etc., are too generally associated with the Canadian Pacific to need endorsement. "Good wine needs no bush."

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whiskey Section of the Franco-British Exhibition has been awarded to Mackie & Coy.'s "WHITE HORSE CELLAR" Whiskey. This, following on the appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, speaks for the quality of this old-established firm, who own the famous Lagavulin Distillery, as well as the Malt-Mill and Craigellachie Distilleries.

Ever the Same.

WHEN we wore trains that swept the street
And cleaned the sidewalk off complete,
And kept the curb all clean and neat,
They kicked about it.

And when our skirts climbed up a bit
Some inches from the dirt and grit,
And showed our shoes, all neat and fit—
They kicked about it.

Dressed in a dinky little hat,
They laughed and jeered and smiled at that;
But when we donned a baby flat,
They kicked about it.

Since they began to write the novel
They've told how we, in hall or hovel,
To catch a man would hunt and grovel—
And kicked about it.

But since a little change began,
And some of us who've learned the plan,
Aren't quite so crazy for a man—
They kick about it.

E'en if the man down on the dump
Will hold his yawp, some college chump,
D. D. or Prof. will mount the stump
And kick about us.

It seems they haven't work enough
To run their schools and raise the stuff,
They've always time to tell how tough
We are, and kick about it.

Race suicide calls forth their tear,
But let a widow lone appear
With nine at Ellis Isle, they'll steer
Her back, and kick about it.

It beats all H——alifax, how sage
And drivelling fools, from age to age,
Will still their ponderous minds engage
With Us; no doubt about it.

What lordly brain did first begin it?
Good Heaven sake, what is there in it?
Why can't they let us be a minute?
We wouldn't kick about it.

—Minnie J. Reynolds, in New York Sun.

Lippincott's Magazine tells this little story under the caption, "Sparring for Time":

"Will you take me to the theatre to-night?"

"Yes, if you want to go."

"Do you want to go?"

"I wouldn't go unless you really wanted to go."

"Don't you want to go?"

"Of course, if you want ——"

"But I wouldn't think of taking you unless you wanted to see the play."

"And I will not go unless you want to go."

"But you are the one to say whether you want to go."

"Of course, I see now that you do not want to go, and in that case we will stay at ——"

"I do want to go, though, if you want to go."

"Then, of course, you won't say whether you want to take me, so I suppose we shall stay at home."

"On the contrary, if you want to go, we go. If you don't want to go, we don't go. Now what do you say?"

"I say that if you want to go with me I want to go."

About this time he looked at his watch and found that they could not possibly reach the theatre before the beginning of the third act.

Harper's Weekly offers us some old wine in new bottles:

A fool and his money are soon discovered.

The proof of the pudding is in the way you feel about an hour afterwards.

Too much cooking spoils the balance sheet.

Where there's smoke there is not always a fire policy.

A little widow is a dangerous thing.

An Englishman's fish is a Frenchman's poisson!

Train up a servant in the way she should go and the first thing you know she's gone.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the breakfast eggs.

"Yes, this room is dark, damp, and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother, if she has one." "She has. I'll take the flat."—Boston Traveler.

George—Gertie has decided to marry young Multimill. She thinks she can make something out of him. Ethel—About how much?—London Opinion.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

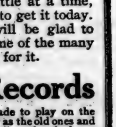
WE want everyone who has not yet experienced the delight of owning and listening to an Edison Phonograph to go to some dealer today and hear the Edison Phonograph play. There is only one way to know how good the Edison Phonograph is and that is to hear it. Nothing can describe it.

The Edison Phonograph reproduces all sounds, and especially the sounds of the human voice and the music of instruments, so marvelously that you would be amazed at it as a scientific invention if you had not become so used to its wonderful work.

The Edison Phonograph makes all music available in your home. The cost is trifling. You can buy it at once for a low price or on the instalment plan, paying a little at a time, and begin to enjoy it at once. The point is to get it today. There is an Edison dealer near you who will be glad to show you how it works and let you hear some of the many varied selections which have been prepared for it.

Edison Amberol Records

These are the new Records which have just been made to play on the Edison Phonograph. They play more than twice as long as the old ones and play far better. This is the last great discovery of Mr. Edison for the benefit of his favorite invention, the Edison Phonograph, and for your benefit if you are wise enough to get an Edison Phonograph with the Amberol attachment at once. An Edison Phonograph with the Amberol attachment plays both Records, the old two-minute Records and the new four-minute Records. There are thousands of selections already made up in the old Records which you can enjoy, and there will be many new ones every month in both the old Records and the Amberol Records.



FREE. Go to your dealer or write to us today and get these books, THE CATALOGUE OF EDISON PHONOGRAPHS as well as COMPLETE RECORD CATALOGUE, SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE and the PHONOGRAM, which tell about all the Records, old and new.

We Desire Good Live Dealers to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented. Dealers having established stores should write at once to

National Phonograph Company, 113 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.

'CAMP' COFFEE

The Traveller's Friend!

By Road or Rail,
By Land or Sea,
Your boon companion
'Camp' should be.

Fragrant—Invigorating—
ready in a moment.

R. Paterson & Sons,
Coffee Specialists,
Glasgow

Hotel Marie Antoinette

COVERING ENTIRE BLOCK FRONTING
BROADWAY, 66TH TO 67TH STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

SIX MINUTES FROM GRAND CENTRAL STATION

Visitors will find the Marie Antoinette quiet, comfortable and economical. An ideal stopping place, providing every refinement of modern hotel life at its best. The maximum of comfort at a minimum of cost for people desiring to visit New York a few days or weeks.

Away from the roar of the city traffic, yet every rapid transit facility close at hand.

Subway Station at Door. Broadway and 6th Ave. Cars Pass the Door

HOTEL IROQUOIS Buffalo — Under the Same Management — GRAND UNION Saratoga

THE DRAMA

"The Reviewers."

A Rather Humorous Dialogue. Presented at the Princess Theatre, Monday, Jan. 4, 1909.

CAST.

THE GLOBE. THE STAR.
THE MAIL. THE NEWS.
THE TELEGRAM.

The author and the players in "PAID IN FULL" *appear trembling before each one in turn.*

GLOBE. We hope and trust that this unsavory play
Does not depict life in the States to-day.

MAIL. Why, 'tis a *good* play, by a master hand—
A keen observer, quick to understand.

STAR. A plain, strong story, ringing clear and true,
No way unsavory from *our* point of view!

NEWS. Well, 'tis not what *I* call extremely bright;
But written with the audience in sight.

TELEGRAM. A daring theme,—yet, while it may seem bold,
'Tis clean and strong, and logically told.

Enter JOSEPH BROOKS.

GLOBE. A most ungracious role. His yehemence
In acting is too strenuous and intense.

STAR. Coward and cad and trickster though he be,
The skilled portrayal wins our sympathy.

MAIL. Nay, his best scenes by some false notes are marred,
Against the too hysteric he must guard.

NEWS. *We* think he plays a trying part with strength,
Without exaggeration through its length.

TELEGRAM. Oh, not bad in the main! His fault to fail
Regarding more the moral than the tale.

Enter EMMA BROOKS.

[*Reviewers all join hands and sing.*

As to her, you see, we all agree
That she plays the part with sincerity,
And we critical would be if we could,
So we judge her work must be very, very good.

[*Disperse.*

Enter "JIMSY" SMITH.

GLOBE. Resourceful in an artificial part;
He plays the "lifelong friend" with ease and art.

MAIL. To him the honors of the evening fall;
Manly and lovable, he captures all.

STAR. It seems to *me* his work was rather flat.
Say, "droll and humorous"—no harm in that.

NEWS. *My* space is up, and I have left him last.
Suppose I say, "He rounded off the cast"?

TELEGRAM. He's goody-good—almost too nice and kind.
We view such goodness with resentful mind.

Enter CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

GLOBE. A character in striking manner sketched,
Effective none the less if over-etched.

STAR. A true old sea- dog, shaggy, big and gruff;
(That looks quite well, and might be true enough.)

MAIL. The Captain is of fibre somewhat coarse,
But wins some well-earned honors by his force.

NEWS. I've heard his good work spoken of before.
That bit was fine at the defaulter's door.

TELEGRAM. Well, as you all agree, I'll line up too,
And say his work was clever, after you.

ASHTAR.

ONE of the most recent of the David Belasco successes, "The Warrens of Virginia," will come to the Royal Alexandra next week. It is an American drama of civil war times written by William C. de Mille, son of David Belasco's erstwhile collaborator. It was produced by Mr. Belasco a season and a half ago, and since that time, with the exception of brief engagements in several large eastern cities, it has remained in New York City, where it was accounted one of the successes of the theatrical year. The company is led by Mr. Frank Keenan and Miss Charlotte Walker, and includes the following capable players: Miss Violet Rand, Mr. Ralph Kellard, Master Richard Story, Miss Mary Pickford, Miss Blanche Yerka, Mr. Wm. McVay, Mr. J. H. Greene, Mr. Justin G. Hull, C. D. Waldron, Raymond L. Bond, Gilmore Scott, Frederick Watson, Willard Robertson, Arthur Kessler, and Mrs. Charles G. Craig.

The action of "The Warrens of Virginia" covers a period of five years—from 1865 to 1870—and takes place in and near the old Warren House, not far from Appomatox Court House, Virginia.

The first scene is that of a section of the battlefield with active hostilities in progress in the vicinity. The contending forces at this point are led respectively by General "Buck" Warren, of Robert E. Lee's staff, and General "Jim" Griffin. The two had fought side by side in the Mexican war, and their one-time comradeship has increased the intensity of the desire of each to overcome the other.

General Warren, forced from the field by illness, is met on his way home by the young Federal Lieutenant Burton, a friend of the Warrens, of such long standing that even their different sentiments have not caused an estrangement. Burton is invited to visit the Warren homestead if he can obtain leave of absence. When he asks it of Gen. Griffin, that wily strategist is searching for a means to get into the hands of his enemies a misleading despatch which will cause them to expose the route of a long expected supply train. Griffin convinces Burton that it is his duty to carry the despatch to the Warren house and there have it captured. Burton's task is made the more miserable by Agatha Warren's confession of love for him, but the strategy is carried to a successful conclusion. The supply train is ambushed by a Federal detachment and General Warren is forced to the realization that he has fallen into Griffin's net. Burton is renounced by Agatha Warren, and sentenced to be shot, only the declaration of peace saves his life.

The last act shows the Warren home five years after the close of the war. The one-time affluent family is now comparatively poor, but their pride and hospitality are as great as ever. General Griffin, who calls, is treated as an honored guest. While old Buck Warren sleeps in the rose garden, young Burton appears. Though Agatha still loves him she declines to leave her home to go North, and warns him to beware of her father's wrath. The old General, who has only been dozing, gathers from his daughter's tone the state of her feelings, and when Agatha has said good-bye to her lover, as she thinks forever, Buck Warren surprises Burton with the information that although his own feelings have undergone no change, he will not stand in the way of his child's happiness.

In addition to the regular evening and Saturday afternoon performances, there will be a special matinee on Thursday.

* * *

"The Gay Musician" is coming to town again. This delightful comic opera by Julian Edwards will be the attraction at the Princess Theatre next week, and the news of its return will be hailed with much satisfaction by every lover of pleasing music and clean, bright comedy. "The Gay Musician" is not in the class of the more or less musical comedies and so-called comic operas that are sent out over the continent from New York in a constant stream of mediocrity. It is the real thing. It is a genuine, uncommon comic opera, of charming quality, admirably presented. It ought to attract big business to the Princess at every performance next week.

"The Gay Musician" has enjoyed remarkable prosperity ever since it was first produced. It ran for one month in Baltimore and then repeated its success in Philadelphia, where it played for four weeks to crowded houses. In New York City it scored a triumph and was hailed by the critics as being the peer of any musical attraction of the day. It ran for one hundred nights at Wallack's Theatre despite the very hot weather of last summer. Resting for five weeks in July and August, the opera opened the present season in Boston with great success. After the Boston run it visited Providence, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, and a number of American cities, the result being the same everywhere—crowded houses and unstinted plaudits.

The company now travelling is the same that appeared here last September, and its success here then will no doubt be repeated here next week.

* * *

Next week at Shea's Theatre the bill will be headed by the Mirza Golem Troupe of Persian acrobats, whose work is sensational. The special attraction for the week will be W. C. Fields, the greatest of all comedy jugglers. Other favorites on the bill include Edith Helena, Julius Tannen, Sam Curtis & Co., Jewell-Morton Troupe, and the kinetograph.

* * *

"The Lid Lifters" Company will begin a week's engagement at the Gayety next Monday matinee. The opening part of the bill presents "The Burlesque Queen." It is a gay, musical, funny performance, acted by a good burlesque company. The olio is said to be excellent; indeed, we are assured that there is "not a dead one in the lot." The burlesque which follows and closes the performance is "Slop Suey."

* * *

Mary Mannering, whose "Glorious Betsy" and "Janice Meredith" are still held in pleasant memory by all playgoers, is said to have found in her new play the greatest success of her artistic career. The title is "A House of Cards," and the author is Ivy Ashton Root. Of late years Miss Mannering has been seen mostly in light comedy roles. Now she will appear in a much more serious character. Helen Wentworth is a beautiful and inately good woman, but one with a shadow over her life which is hard to remove. The play, however, ends happily, and will show the charming actress at her best. Miss Mannering will be at the Princess next Monday week for four performances.

* * *

Hattie Williams will appear at the Princess on January 21 in her greatest musical success, "Fluffy Ruffles." Miss Williams has in this play a worthy successor to "The Little Cherub," in which she made such a big hit last year. She comes with the original New York company of seventy singers, dancers and comedians, among whom are such well-known artists as William Norris, Bert Leslie, Jack Gardner, John Bunny, Marion Abbott, Nellie Butler, Josephine Drake, Maria Annis, Hattie O'Brien and Violet Heming.

* * *

"Paid in Full," which is running at the Princess Theatre this week, is a play which has been much talked about wherever it has been seen, and, of course, it is coming in for lively discussion here. Local opinion, both critical and impressionistic, seems to be divided as to whether the play is a hook barbed with iniquity attractively baited to catch the popular fancy, or a very palatable morsel, well flavored with the salt of life, and entirely wholesome.

We have seen too many morbid plays of late years—too many horrible, gloomy, unnatural problem plays that serve no good purpose on earth. But who would claim that "Paid in Full" is morbid or gloomy! It is a good play that surely must refresh every human being in good health who goes to see it. It leaves a picture in the mind that will not be forgotten for a long time—a picture that will come up before the young man who is tempted to go wrong, before the husband who is inclined to be mean and unjust to his wife, before every one who sometimes forgets that, as old Captain Williams says, "it pays to be decent." And every time the picture will act as a bracer. It will recall the contemptible nature of Joe Brooks, the young husband who badgered his wife because he himself was not capable of success; how he stole sixteen thousand dollars from his employer, rough old Captain Williams; how he urged his good, bright young wife to seek old Williams at night in his room to square the debt; how his wife's chivalrous admirer, Jimsey Smith, was white all the way through, everybody's friend; how the old captain proved to be white, too; how Joe Brooks's wife, whose goodness paid his debt in full when he had been willing for her to pay it with her dishonor, denounced him and his yellow heart and left him; how decency and big-heartedness came well through trouble, leaving indecency hopeless, on the way to the gutter. A very good way to judge a play is to judge it by the picture it leaves in the mind, rather than to critically examine the details of its construction. There are plenty of good faces which if analyzed feature by feature, would show some ugly lines. And "Paid in Full" has a good face. It leaves a fair and smiling picture in the mind.

The company does not depend on the brilliancy of a star to make it shine. The cast is small, and every member of it is thoroughly capable. To Clara Blandick, who has the role of the wife, Emma Brooks, must be given, perhaps, the highest praise. She is delightfully natural, and rises easily to every situation of the part. Lionel Adams, as Joseph Brooks, on the whole does very effective work. Scott Cooper in the character role of Williams is admirable, although he rather exaggerates the captain's uncouthness. George Backus is likeable and quite natural as Jim Smith, the good-natured family friend. The minor roles are well taken.

It may be added that "Paid in Full" and its clever young author, Eugene Walter, are of rather special interest to Torontonians. This will be seen by reading the story of Mr. Walter and of how he became a playwright, on the "Points About People" page of this issue.

* * *

Modern evils, as we are pleased to call them, have been getting hard knocks at Toronto's principal theatres this week. At the Princess certain individual frailties have been hard hit in "Paid in Full," and at the Royal Alexandra, in "Mr. Crewe's Career," trust manipulation and crooked politics are smitten hip and thigh.

"Mr. Crewe's Career" is a quite interesting play, dragging somewhat in parts. The company presenting it here this week is quite competent, the members being very energetic in seeking to impart zest to their roles and to the general result. Tully Marshall, an excellent character artist, as Hilary Vane, the shrewd old New England lawyer, makes much the best showing. The work of William Lewers, who plays the role of the heroically good young lawyer, Austin Vane, rather smacks of juvenility. The play is admirably wholesome in tone and on the whole is a very good presentation of certain American political conditions, without being exactly thrilling.

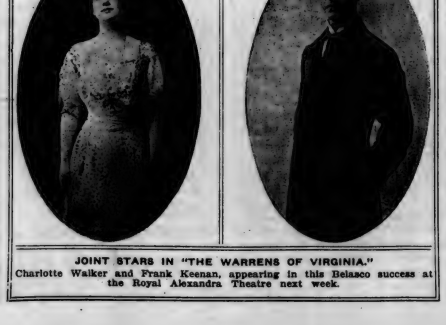
Mr. Solman may be congratulated upon the new policy he has inaugurated for the remainder of the season at the Alexandra. Instead of an endless run of light operas by an over-worked company, good plays of timely interest are to be offered. Next week comes "The Warrens of Virginia," and following that other high-class productions. HAL.

* * *

May Irwin will begin a tour presenting both "The Mollusc," in which she will play the part now assigned to Miss Carlisle, and also continue in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse."

* * *

Margaret Anglin, the eminent Canadian actress, will not be seen on the stage in America this season. After her tour of Australia, which she has just ended at Sydney, she will go to Europe for a short holiday, and then travel westward to London, where, if Australian prediction is true, she may act in the spring. She has not hitherto appeared in London.



JOINT STARS IN "THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA."
Charlotte Walker and Frank Keenan, appearing in this Belasco success at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week.

HEINTZMAN & Co PIANO

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co.)

An instrument that is the exclusive choice of the great masters of the past fifty years—a piano that stands the test of time and satisfies discriminating tastes.

Dollar for dollar the best value in Canada to-day, for there is no uncertainty or doubt as to high quality.

Piano Salon:--- 115-117 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

- PRINCESS THEATRE -
ONE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING JAN. 11 MATS. WED. AND SAT.
THE SEASON'S BIG EVENT
JOHN P. SLOCUM Presents
For Return Engagement, Julian Edwards' Great Comic Opera
THE GAY MUSICIAN
With Amelia Stone, Joseph C. Miron and the Same Superb Cast and Powerful Singing Chorus AS HEARD HERE LAST SEPTEMBER.
DON'T MISS THE TRIUMPH OF THE SEASON

GAYETY DAILY MATS. LADIES 10¢
BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE
"LID LIFTERS" EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY
EVERY FRIDAY AMATEUR NIGHT Phone M 6605

ROYAL ALEXANDRA
One Week Beginning Mon. Jan. 11
MATS. - THUR. AND SAT
DAVID BELASCO PRESENTS
THE WARRENS OF VIRGINIA
AN AMERICAN PLAY BY WM. C. DEMILLE
With the Original Cast Including
FRANK KEENAN and CHARLOTTE WALKER
Prices—25c. to $1.50—Thurs. Mat. Best Seats $1.
WEEK JAN. 18
Hilda Spong in "A Man and His Mate."

SHEA'S THEATRE
Matinee Daily, 25 | Week of Jan. 11 | Evenings 25 and 50
From the Shah of Persia.
MIRZA GOLEM TROUPE
The Sensational Persian Acrobats.
EDITH HELENA
The American Soprano.
JULIUS TANNEN
Up-to-date Monologist.
AGNES SCOTT & CO.
Presenting "The Wall Between."
SAM CURTIS & CO.
In "A Session at School."
MACNAMEES
Expert Clay Modelers.
THE KINETOGRAPH
New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction
W. C. FIELDS
Greatest of all Comedy Jugglers.

DRAMATIC RECITAL
MISS CLARA PRATTIS
(Pupil of Owen A. Smily) Association Hall, January 14th. Donald C MacGregor, Ada Davis, Y.M.C.A. Mandolin Club, Osburn's Ladies' Orchestra.
Plan at Bell's, 146 Yonge Street, Jan. 12th.
All seats reserved. 50c.

GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION"
Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra.
Conductor, Dr. F. H. Torrington.
Good Friday Night - Massey Hall
Subscribers may send names to the Conductor, 12 Pembroke street.

The National Chorus
The Two Artistic Events of the Season
The National Chorus
200 selected vocalists, under the direction of Dr. Albert Ham.
THE NEW YORK... SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
70 artists, conducted by Mr. Walter Damrosch.
MISS MARGARET KEYES
The greatest Mezzo-Soprano of the day.
MASSEY HALL
January 18 & 19.

VOICE PIANO VIOLIN
Incorporated 1886
TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC LIMITED
IN AFFILIATION WITH UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.
12 and 14 Pembroke St.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.
MID-WINTER EXAMINATIONS
February 15th to 20th.
Applications received until Feb. 1st.
Send for application forms and calendar

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher, St. Margaret's College, Moulton College, Toronto.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—23 "La Plaza," Charles Street.

CARL H. HUNTER
Tenor
Pupils prepared for Concert and Opera.
Studio: Room 53, Nordheimer Bldg.

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Limited
193 Beverley Street
Full information on application
WINTER TERM.
Nov. 10, 1908 to Jan. 22, 1909.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist
Studios for teaching—
Conservatory of Music.
168 Carlton Street.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—1726 Queen Street West.
Voices tested free.

MIRIAM WILLIAMS BROWN
Instructor in Wycliffe College and Toronto Normal School.
Training of the Speaking Voice, Reading, Recitation, Oratory.
232 Bloor Street West.

ELIZABETH FORBES
Pupil of Sir Alexander Mackay.
Solo Pianist, Accompanist of Imperial Scots Concert Company in Spring and Winter of 1908.
Concerts and Operatic Studio Work.
455 Church Street.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For Teachers and Children
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipsic. 750 Bathurst St., or Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Phone, College 3791.

MRS. JESSIE ALEXANDER ROBERTS
Instruction in the Art of Expression as applied to Public Speaking, Recitation and the Drama.
108 Admiral Rd. - - - Dupont Cars.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Will resume Tuition Monday, Jan. 4.
Studio, 3 Carlton Street.

ADA J. P. TWOHY
Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty, Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
of Toronto
A. S. VOGT, Conductor
For all information regarding concerts, membership in chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 219 Markham Street, Toronto.

A. EASTER SMITH
Fellow of College of Violinists, London, Eng. Solo Violin and Viola.
Studio at Toronto College of Music.

MARLEY B. SHERRIS
Concert Baritone
Soloist Carlton St. Methodist Church
Residence—322 Cottingham St.

MISS JOSEPHINE P. SCRUBY
(London and Paris.)
Voice Production and Singing.
Studio Havergal, Ladies' College, 354 Jarvis Street.

FRANCIS COOMBS
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's. Address 23 Radford Ave.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For Piano Instruction and Concerts.
Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portrait Painter, Studio, 24 King St. West.

WHEELDON
SATURDAY TWILIGHT
ORGAN RECITALS
4 P.M.
METROPOLITAN CHURCH
SILVER COLLECTION

MUSIC

WHEN it was announced that Elgar had begun work on a symphony, all lovers of music, and especially those who had recognized Elgar's complete mastery of the orchestra, were delighted. It was first promised for the Elgar festival in 1904, but four years went by, and after a number of delays it was presented at Manchester under the baton of Hans Richter, on December 2, 1908, and was cordially received. Both the London and the local press were unanimous in hailing it as a masterpiece, and they also rejoiced when they found that the composer had returned to his earlier and simpler form of expression. The London Standard said: "He has given us back the Elgar we know and loved—the Elgar who, to quote the words of the great divine, 'We have loved long since but lost awhile.'"

Of course, before it was heard there was much speculation as to what he would do with the form of the symphony, because he had shown himself quite willing to change old forms to meet the requirements of his genius, but when the miniature had been issued, and it was found that he had followed the classical model, there was a sigh of relief and then an outburst of joy.

Before it had been heard there were a number of programmes written for it, one writer claiming that it was a biography of Gen. Gordon, but this Elgar denied; although, like all great works, it was written with a well-defined purpose. One writer has aptly said of it that it is the composer's private diary, which is not a programme in the same sense that the modern symphonic poems and tone poems are supposed to portray special persons and their actions, but more in the way Beethoven used the symphonic form to express those spiritual experiences that words conceal more than they reveal, and which music alone can utter. Elgar is so big, so sane, and so religious that what he has felt and cares to pass on to the world must be worth studying, and I am looking forward to hearing his great work with eagerness, which has been fanned to white heat by looking over the miniature score. Some of the themes are of wonderful beauty, and all of them very expressive. But when one realizes how inadequate a piano is when the varied tone color of an orchestra is needed, particularly where the color comes from the hand of a master, one can scarcely wait for the night of the concert. And what is more, no orchestra could do more with such a work than the band that Mr. Damrosch has this year.

Another number on the opening programme of the National Chorus, is Elgar's Overture, "Cockaigne"—in London town—which has a proper programme. "The overture is a succession of scenes: it may be called panoramic. The scenes are connected by a slender thread. The composer imagines two lovers strolling through the streets of the town. The first picture suggested is that of the animation, of the intense vitality of the street life. Then comes a section which, according to the composer's sketch, expresses the sincere and ardent spirit underlying the Cockaigner's frivolity and luxury. The lovers seek quiet in a park and give way to their emotions. They grow passionate, but they are interrupted and disconcerted by the rough pranks of young Cockaigners. The lovers leave the park and seek what Charles Lamb described as the sweet security of the streets. A military band approaches, passes with hideous rage and fury, and at last is at a safe and reasonable distance. The lovers go into a church. The organ is playing, and even here they cannot escape wholly the noise of the street. To the street they return, and the former experiences are renewed."

"Some people object to programme," but I think we may agree with Ernest Newman, who wrote some time ago: "If the poem or picture was necessary to the composer's imagination it is necessary to mine." Miss Keyes, who is the contralto soloist for both the concerts, has added to the reputation she made last season with Caruso, and this is very gratifying, as more often the quickly won success is soon followed by a failure. Wherever she has appeared this season she has been congratulated upon the purity and freshness of her voice, and the advance she has made in her art. Her numbers are well chosen, and those whom she delighted last year can confidently look forward to a treat when they hear her this year.

* * *

NEXT Friday night, the 15th inst., Miss Lina Adamson will give a recital in Conservatory Hall. The plan will be open on Tuesday, the 12th, at the warerooms of Messrs. Mason and Risch, 32 King Street West. Besides solos by Locatelli, Bruch, Schubert, Godard and Sitt, Miss Adamson and her mother, Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, will play a Spohr concerto for two violins, which Mrs. Adamson and her sister played at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig. The first time I heard Miss Adamson play I was amazed at the virility of her tone, especially in the "Kreutzer Sonata," which she and Karl Reckzeh played beautifully. Mrs. Barton will be at the piano, and that is something to look forward to.

* * *

THE Toronto String Quartette will give the second concert of this season's series on the 22nd inst. in Conservatory Hall. On the programme are the lovely Schubert "Quartette in D Minor," in the slow movement of which is the Death and the Maiden melody; part of Smetana's "Aus meinem Leben," the story of which I shall give next week; and Mr. Blachford will be soloist. This organization has worked miracles in its own development and in the growth of the appreciation of chamber music in Toronto, and it is gratifying to be able to record that its efforts have been liberally appreciated by music lovers. Wherever it has appeared it has reflected credit on the city whose name it bears.

* * *

THE Guido Chorus, under Mr. Seth Clark, sang Mr. Frank Blachford's "Serenade" which was written for the Toronto Male Chorus Club, and sung at the final concert with great success. It was enthusiastically received in Buffalo and had to be repeated. The Enquirer said of it: "The 'Serenade' by Blachford (with solo by Dr. Frankenstein) was a particularly beautiful number, and was so delightfully sung that the audience demanded its repetition.

When it was first sung here the critics were unanimous in praising it, for the clever musicianship, the melodic beauty and originality it revealed. I think it one of the best compositions for male voices I have heard in a long time.

* * *

A FASCINATINGLY interesting book is Henry Edward Krehbiel's "Chapters of Opera." Mr. Krehbiel has long been looked upon as one of the ablest writers and lecturers on music in America, and no one has been in closer and more sympathetic touch with matters musical on this side of the Atlantic than he. Of the happenings since he has been the critic of The New York Tribune, Mr. Krehbiel can speak in the first person, and here and there are glimpses of scenes back of the curtain that are of especial value to students, revealing the secrets of the artistic success of some of those who have made the most lasting impress on musical history, not only in New York but throughout the world.

When one reads of the infinite pains taken by the great Niemann to prepare himself for the role of Siegfried in "Gotterdammerung," and how cordially he was assisted by Seidel, it makes the definition of genius—hard work—seem very true. When I got the book in my hands I wanted to read it through at one sitting, but it is too big for that, and I have had to take it more slowly. Parts of it I have re-read, and I have compelled my friends to listen to my favorite bits.

* * *

THERE is a prospect of Max Heinrich and his talented daughter, Miss Julia Heinrich, giving a recital here before long. They are at present living in Chicago, and a short Canadian tour is being arranged for them by friends in Montreal and Ottawa. Mr. Heinrich has long held a foremost place as an interpreter of songs and as a reader, his only rival being Ludwig Wulner, who is creating such a furore in the States. I have never heard anyone read "Enoch Arden" as well as Heinrich does it, and his own settings to "The Raven" and "The Duello" are most effective. Miss Heinrich has a beautiful voice and a charming personality, and they both are remarkable pianists. It is to be hoped that the rumor comes true, as these artists are of the highest rank.

* * *

Last Sunday Dr. Torrington resumed active church work at the High Park Avenue Methodist Church, the position being offered him by the unanimous vote of the Board. A Casavant organ was recently installed there, on which Dr. Torrington gave a recital December 28, assisted by the choir he had trained.

* * *

It is expected that Mr. Julian Edwards, the composer of "Princess Chic," "Dolly Varden" and twenty other successful operas, will be in town to conduct the first night's performance of his latest work, "The Gay Musician," which begins a return engagement at the Princess on the 11th. Despite the importunities of the "Broadway" manager, who thinks that he knows what the people want, Mr. Edwards has never lowered the standard of his musicianship, and has never had his name associated with the vulgar musical (?) productions the Broadway managers have sent out, and for this he deserves the gratitude not only of the musicians but also of all who want clean healthy amusement. Local musicians are planning to show their appreciation in some definite way while he is here.

* * *

Mr. Russell McLean has returned from abroad, and will open a studio at 390 College street. His voice, always a fine organ, has grown in beauty and power, and the experience abroad has made a fine artist of him. I am glad that he decided to come home and give his native city the advantage of his culture instead of locating in some other city.

* * *

The announcement of an extra concert by the Mendelssohn Choir does not surprise anyone familiar with the tremendous vogue this great chorus has, and it is an added pleasure to know that we shall have an extra programme with the Chicago Orchestra. These two great organizations seem made for one another, consequently these concerts will be more like the joint recitals of two sympathetic artists than the gigantic festivals one is accustomed to where so many participate.

* * *

Edward Tak, of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, has established himself as a popular violinist by his emergency work when other artists have failed to appear. Any instrumentalist that can satisfy an audience expecting to hear Calve is made of the stuff that wins wide fame. Mr. Tak will play at the second concert of the Schubert Choir.

MELOS.

* * *

A successful recital was given by the junior pupils of Olive Hendershott, A. T. Col. M., at her studio last Saturday afternoon. Both piano and vocal numbers displayed the excellent work being done by this talented young teacher.

* * *

Another pupil of the well-known teacher of elocution, Mr. Owen A. Smily, will make a professional appearance in Toronto on the evening of Jan. 14, when Miss Clara Prattis, a dramatic reciter of some reputation already in concert circles, will give a recital in Association Hall, assisted by Donald Macgregor, Ada Davis, the Y.M.C.A. Orchestra and the Osburn Ladies' Mandolin and Guitar Club.

* * *

Since Miss Blanche Walter's recent successful recital in Association Hall that talented young elocutionist's services have been growing in demand throughout the province. On Wednesday evening Miss Walter, in concert with Mr. Harold Jarvis delighted an enthusiastic audience at Ingersoll, Ont., and on the following night filled her engagement at the Oddfellows' Hall, Queen street east, Toronto, to the entire satisfaction of the lodge members and their guests.

SCENE FROM "THE GAY MUSICIAN."
Templar Saxe in a puzzling situation—choosing between the rival brides (Amelia Stone and Lottie Kendall).

Bondage.

I AM the slave of day,
And underneath the sun
I play my part with stubborn heart
Until the day is done;
I do the petty task,
I earn the grudging pay,
And none can guess I wear a mask,
Indentured to the day.

But when the sun has set
And labor ends again,
How easy to forget
The walks and ways of men!
Deep in my heart I seek
The lilac and the rue,
The white rose and the rose of red:
The memory of you.

What though the miles divide,
What though the years are past?
Across the night I dream aright,
And am myself at last;
A bondsman of the day,
While day is on its throne,
The secret stars all know I am
Your slave, and yours alone!

—Reginald Wright Kauffman, in December Smart Set.

Playwright (describing play)—Then you have a very strong scene when you trample on all the ties of home affection, and— Well-known Actor—Cut that out. Playwright—But it's a very strong scene. Well-known Actor—Maybe so, but I don't propose to tramp on any ties.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What do you think!" exclaimed the theatrical star, proudly. "They are going to name a new cigar after me." "Well," rejoined the manager, "here's hoping it will draw better than you do."—Chicago News.

"Which do you think affords greater pleasure, pursuit or possession?" "I don't know," answered the man with a motor car. "Possession is a fine thing. But I have sometimes suspected that the police get more fun out of my machine than I do."—Washington Star.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
College and University Avenue.
Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director
MID-WINTER EXAMINATIONS JAN. 25, 26, 27, 28.
Spring Term Commences FEBRUARY 1.
CALENDAR mailed on application.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B., Principal.
SPECIAL CALENDAR.

ARTHUR BLIGHT
Concert Baritone
Teacher of Singing. Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College. Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4669.

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL OF LITERATURE AND EXPRESSION
Toronto
Lecture Recital Course
Jan. 14th - - - Professor Wallace. "Early Church Drama."
Jan. 21st - - - Canadian Writers.
Jan. 30th - - - - Dr. Burton. "Modern Romance."
Feb. 18th - - - - Miss Thomas. "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
Feb. 25th. - Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Browning Readings.
Mar. 11th, Women's Musical Club of Toronto.
Mar. 25th - - - Mrs. Scott Raff. "Irish Drama."
These lectures are on Thursday evenings at 8.15, with the exception of Dr. Burton's which comes on Saturday evening, Jan. 30th. Course tickets (ten admissions) $2.00; Single admission 50c. Phone North 4544.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT
Choirmaster Church of St. Thomas, Huron St.
Vocal Culture. Studios: Parish House and 97 Yonge St. Residence; St. George Mansions.

New Vocal Studio
MISS MARIE C. STRONG
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.

THE MISSES STERNBERG
Dancing, Physical Culture and Fencing.
Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge street.
New term begins Monday, Jan. 4, 1909.
Physical Culture Class opens Saturday, January 9, 10.30 a.m.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.
Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence—48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone, North 2887.

MRS. ALFRED JURY
of Buffalo
Scientific Vocal Instruction.
Studio, Bell Piano Warerooms, 146 Yonge St., Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

MISS EDITH DICKSON, F.T.C.M.
Pianist and Accompanist.
Pupil of Dr. A. S. Vogt. A limited number of pupils in theory and piano playing accepted. Address, 486 Church Street.

ANDREW ROSS LOVE
Voice Production and Singing.
Studio, Gerhard Heintzman, 97 Yonge Street. Phone 1463.

FRANK C. SMITH
Violinist
Pupils. Concert Engagements.
Studio—R. S. Williams, 149 Yonge Street.

ARTHUR E. SEMPLE
Flautist
Toronto Symphony Orchestra.
Toronto Festival Orchestra.
Concert Engagements.
Studio, 164 Grace St. Phone Coll. 4626.

DANCING
Ladies and Gentlemen
Mr. Sage's evening classes for beginners now forming at the Metropolitan, 245 College Street.

FRANK S. WELSMAN
Pianist
Studio for lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—20 Wilcox Street.

E. GERTRUDE LOWRY
Contralto
Voice production and singing.
576 Jarvis St., or at Nordheimer's.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE
Baritone
Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church.
JESSIE DUCKER-GILLESPIE
Violin and Piano.
Studio—135 King Street East, Standard Bank Chambers.
Residence—19 Beaconsfield Ave.
Phones—Main 2903, Park 1546.

DR. ALBERT HAM
Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 561 Jarvis Street.

DAVID ROSS
Solo Baritone
Studio for Lessons, Guild Hall, McGill Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone, E. 2097.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD
Soprano, Concert and Oratorio. Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank King Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice instruction. Studio: Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. A. SHERWOOD
Portrait Painter, 2 1-2 Queen St. E. Over Bank of Montreal

MISS DOLLIE BLAIR, F.T.C.M.
Concert Pianist and Teacher.
Toronto College of Music and Torrington Gold Medallist. 388 Carlton St.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action
Insist on
"OTTO HIGEL"
Piano Action

Correct Dress for Men

THE soft, pleated pique shirt is now sanctioned by the best authorities—and with it, we advise the wearing of grey bow, grey waistcoat, grey gloves, all of one exact shade.

¶ We can supply you with not only all these, but also with sterling cuff links—to carry out the idea more completely.

¶ For the more formal occasions—for wear with full evening dress—we would suggest—as a welcome deviation from the plain, unrelieved shirt bosom—a white linen with a white satin stripe.

¶ Be careful to wear pearl studs and links with this attire. Gold—while permissible with the dinner jacket—constitutes a solecism if worn with formal dress.

"For many virtues, excellent."
Shakespeare (Romeo and Juliet).

PERFECT WHISKY, PERFECTLY MATURED

Messrs. Alexander & Macdonald

LEITH, Scotland

GUARANTEE

That SANDY MACDONALD Special Liqueur Scotch Whisky is aged for ten years in wood, before being bottled—which explains the purity and flavor of this superior brand of Scotch.

INVESTIGATE—Quality will do the rest.

For sale by Wm. Mara & Co., 79 Yonge St., Toronto. Telephone Main 1708.

Specialties for Outdoor Sports

Another shipment of our special

SWEATER COATS

All sizes, 24 to 46; all shades and combinations. $2.00 to $7.00 each.

"JAEGER" CAPS, MITTS, etc., for Snowshoeing, etc.

WREYFORD & CO.

86 KING ST. WEST

Punch has this sketch on "The Loafer": He is rather small for his age, slim, and with an appearance that one would call "nervy." He does very little for me, but I keep him partly because I have a genuine affection for him, partly because most business men enjoy the services (such as they are) of one of his class, but mostly because he possesses in a marked degree those two characteristics which go to make the ideal servant—ubiquity and unobtrusiveness. He is always there in case he is wanted, but never in the way. He is perhaps too modest; but it must also be said that he leads the idlest of lives. His handwriting is so abominable that I cannot entrust my correspondence to him, and if I ask him to do any odd jobs they are usually badly done.

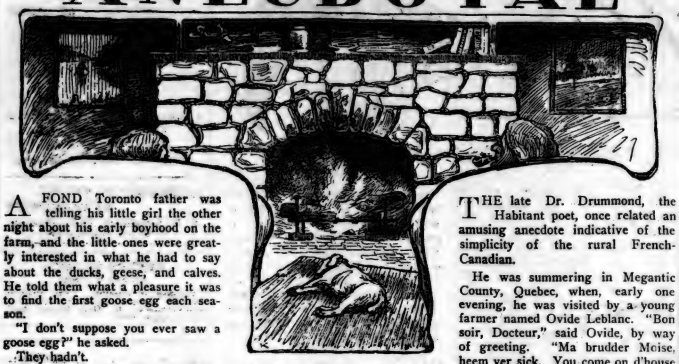
He has the annoying habit of drumming his fingers on tables and desks, a sure sign of the idler. However, although he could hardly be called my right hand in business, I should be genuinely sorry to lose him.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned at the outset that I am referring to my left hand.

Ostend—Pa, what is the "Suburban Handicap?" Pa—The lawn mower in the summer and the snow shovel in the winter, my son.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Antique—Just think of the nerve of that impecunious fellow to propose to me. Miss Caustique—Nerve. Why, it was absolute recklessness.—Milwaukee News.

ANECDOTAL



A FOND Toronto father was telling his little girl the other night about his early boyhood on the farm, and the little ones were greatly interested in what he had to say about the ducks, geese, and calves. He told them what a pleasure it was to find the first goose egg each season.

"I don't suppose you ever saw a goose egg?" he asked.

They hadn't.

"I've seen a Turkish cigarette," boasted the smallest girl, and she wondered why her helpful remark broke up the stories of the farm.

* * *

TWO men from New York awoke one morning to find themselves in Savannah. Remembering that they were in a prohibition State, and having a thirst worthy of their surroundings, the pair started out on a still hunt for an eye-opener. They were not acquainted with the place, and were in a quandary as to where to start on their quest, and while they were debating the question mentally between them they were approached by a pleasant-looking policeman, who wished them good morning.

"Say, Jim," said one of the pilgrims to the other, "this is an opening. Here's a good fellow; let's ask him."

It was agreed, and the officer answered their question by saying, laconically, "Follow me." He walked them three blocks until they stood in front of the cathedral. Here he paused.

The travellers looked at each other in astonishment.

"Surely, my good man," said the first, "you do not mean to tell us that a blind tiger is being operated in church?"

"You see the church, do you?" asked the policeman, solemnly.

"Yes," assented the two.

"Well," that is the only place in Savannah where you *can't* get it."

* * *

FOR the forty-ninth time in two hours the train stopped dead. The Scottish meenister in the corner yawned, and then addressed a rose of England.

"They're a gey taiglesome lot here."

"I beg your pardon!" said the lady.

"I'm sayin' they're an awfu' daidlin' squad here," explained the old fellow.

"I really beg your pardon, sir!" she rejoined.

"I'm remarkin', they're a vera dreich lot here the nicht," ventured the Caledonian.

"Really, I must again beg your pardon," said the confused, but conscientious female; "but I do not comprehend you."

"I was just tryin' to say the train was late!" blurted the meenister.

"Indeed, sir, it is very late!" pleasantly agreed the lady.

After which conversation languished.

* * *

A CERTAIN Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow, but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

* * *

THAT Beerbohm Tree, the player, has a caustic wit is evidenced by an incident wherein he and an unknown playwright figured.

The writer had obtained permission to read his offering to Tree. The actor evinced no great degree of enthusiasm, either during or after the reading; but he did take the manuscript, upon which he scribbled hastily a few suggestions for its betterment.

"See here, Mr. Tree," was the indignant ejaculation of the ambitious playwright, "it's hardly fair of you to dispose of my work in this summary and nonchalant fashion. I'd have you know that this play cost me a year's hard labor!"

"So?" queried Tree. "My dear fellow, any impartial judge would give you at least five!"

IT is told of the late Hon. Martin I. Wilkins, in pre-Confederation days Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, that on one occasion when stumping in Pictou County, he stopped over night at the home of a good Presbyterian brother, who before retiring, requested the politician to lead in family prayer. Here was a poser.

The Attorney-General (says The Fredericton Herald, in telling the story) was not noted as a religious man, and had probably never made a public prayer in his life. What was he to do? To decline the service requested of him, was probably to lose political support in that strong Presbyterian community, and to go ahead with it was, he feared, likely to make himself appear ridiculous.

But he got out of the difficulty in rather a novel way. As he told the story himself, it was put thus:

"I could not pray in public, and that was necessarily part of the service, but with a happy inspiration when my kind host handed me the family Bible, I turned up Psalm CXIX. and read from it until everybody was asleep, and then made my exit to bed."

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer, in recently discussing a celebrated case, gave his idea of a suspicious question—one of those suspicious questions which carry their own conviction with them.

"It is just such a question as a gilded youth asked the head waiter in a restaurant the other morning: 'Was Blank here last night?' he began.

"'Yes, sir,' the waiter answered.

"'And,' said the youth, nervously, 'was I with him?'"

* * *

THE essential difference between the signification of words and terms in the English tongue which are almost the same in etymology and origin is a great element of difficulty to a foreigner who is learning the language—a fact to which a certain *attache* of a foreign mission at Washington recently testified.

When the budding diplomatist in question arrived at the American capital a year or two ago, he soon capitulated to the charms of a young woman of the official set, and they speedily became the best of friends. A month or so ago the *attache* returned to the United States after a lengthy leave of absence in his own land. About the first thing he did on reaching Washington was to send a note to the lady of his admiration, wherein, to her astonishment and indignation, he gave expression to this sentiment:

"Once more, my dear friend, I shall gaze upon your unmatched eyes."

* * *

AT the Garrick Club, not very long ago, an old actor, Mr. Smith, and a young actor, Mr. Brown, were discussing the art of acting. Young Mr. Brown put forward an idea which greatly annoyed old Mr. Smith. During the heated argument Mr. Smith went so far as to call Mr. Brown "an ass."

Next day poor Brown hunted up Mr. Brookfield for advice. After telling him the whole story, he said:

"And Smith ended with calling me an ass! What am I to do now?"

Brookfield pondered for a moment.

"Consult a Vet.," was his answer.

* * *

THERE is a Government official in Ottawa to whom an unnecessary or inane question is as a red rag to a bull.

Last summer he made his usual trip to Europe. On the first day out he was strolling on the promenade deck, when suddenly there appeared before him a man whom he had not seen for years.

"Why, hello!" exclaimed the man. "To meet you, of all men! Are you going across?"

"Yes!" growled the official. "Are you?"

THE late Dr. Drummond, the Habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French-Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic County, Quebec, when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc. "Bon soir, Docteur," said Ovide, by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver sick. You come on d'house for see heem, Doc?"

Drummond, always kind-hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide, and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise to-night; and give him a teaspoonful of this at nine o'clock, twelve o'clock and at three and six in the morning. Come and see me again about nine in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himself, and Drummond asked: "How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?"

"Ma brudder Moise, I t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecin, but I doan' have no watch in d'house, Doc. I tak d'leetle clock; d'one what mak d' beeg deesturb for get up. I keep eet on hees ches' all night. T'ink eet do heem good, dat, jus' lak d'watch. W'at you t'ink, Doc?"

* * *

JACK LONDON, the author, was introduced one day to a musician.

"I, too, am a musician in a small way," London said. "My musical talent was once the means of saving my life."

"How was that?" the musician asked.

"There was a great flood in our town in my boyhood," responded London. "When the water struck our house my father got on a bed and floated with the stream until he was rescued."

"And you?" said the musician.

"Well," said London, "I accompanied him on the piano."

* * *

"THE great trouble with the general run of gifts that our misguided friends send us these days," said Horatio, "is their vast, their abysmal, inappropriateness. Look at my case. On Christmas Day I was in receipt of some three dozen very handsome gifts. Three patent safety razors, although I wear a full beard; a beautifully embroidered smoking cap six sizes too small, but possibly available for a cuff-box if turned upside down and sent to somebody who wears detachable cuffs, which I do not. A volume called 'Sixty Soups and How to Make Them,' in spite of the fact that I neither eat soup nor do my own cooking. A Guest Register, although I live in a bachelor's apartment where nobody ever calls except a stray tailor or two with an unpaid bill, and so on. With the possible exception of a check for fifty dollars from my Uncle Ebenezer, who is now in his second childhood, there was hardly a thing in the whole bunch that I could use. I have had to pack 'em all away in a trunk until next Christmas, when I shall redistribute them as my gifts to kindly friends whom I wish to remember."

"Oh, well," said Antonio, "it is pretty hard these days to decide what is and what is not appropriate. Your own Uncle Ebenezer is a case in point. What the deuce, for instance, could you find to send to an old chap like that who, according to your own statement, is in his second childhood?"

"That," said Horatio, complacently, "was the easiest thing in the world. It required only a little thought on my part to fill Uncle Ebenezer's heart with joy."

"What did you send him?" inquired Antonio, rather curious to know.

"A copy of 'Mother Goose,'" said Horatio.

"Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend"

An ELGIN WATCH will keep an accurate account of your time expenditures

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All Jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

When Decorating Your Home

Just arrange to visit these beautiful display rooms. Furniture of worth in all styles and prices. Beautiful creations, all of them. Also Treasures in Rare Old Silverware and China.

B. M. & T. Jenkins

Antique Gallery

422-424 Yonge St. = = Toronto

One should expect nothing else from

TOMLIN'S BREAD FACTORY

but the best. The sales are enormous. College 3561

MULHOLLAND-NEWCOMBE CO., LTD

8 QUEEN STREET EAST - TORONTO REPRESENTATIVES

"Rudyard Kipling, when he dined with me," said a literary Chicagoan, "told me about Simla.

"It seems that Simla is up in the mountains—the hills, as they say in India—and the ladies go there in the hot weather to escape the heat of the low country.

"Well, Kipling said that one lovely, cool morning at Simla he was presented to a 'grass-widow.' They call those ladies 'grass-widows' whose husbands are detained by work in the hot cities of the plains.

"She was awfully pretty and charming, and as they talked together in the pleasant coolness, Kipling said:

"'I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?'

"The lady gave him a strange look, and he learned afterwards that she was a real widow."—New York Times.

Jack—The fortune teller said I would marry a blonde. Belle—Did she say how soon? Jack—In six months. Belle (coyly)—I can easily be a blonde by that time, Jack.—Sketch.

CHAS. POTTER, 85 YONGE ST.
C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

Quality and Standards in Eye Testing

In everything standards count.

In eye-testing, where so delicate an organ as the eye is concerned, one cannot be too particular or exacting.

Here is one's safety in choosing this store, when trouble attacks the eye-sight.

Our opticians may be depended upon to diagnose the case correctly and correct fitting glasses will be furnished.

THE RELIABLE OPTICIAN
TORONTO

Wedding Cakes

from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co. Limited
447 Yonge St., Toronto

ARTIFICIAL LIGHT
is very trying on the eyes.
Do yours trouble you?
CONSULT
The Culverhouse Optical Co.
6 Richmond St. E.
M. 4556.

EVENING SLIPPERS.

You had much better look over our line than overlook it.

Our variety of styles and range of prices will surely please you.

See our colored kid, silk and satins to match the costume.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 YONGE ST.

Alan Johnstone is said to have originated the famous club sandwich, and the story runs that on going to the club one night between midnight and daybreak he found the cafe closed, the cooks gone, and, being nearly famished, he invaded the larder, toasted himself some thick slices of bread, sliced them through, buttered them while hot, and laid thereon everything he found in the refrigerator, cold chicken, ham, and lettuce, with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

The result was such an epicurean discovery as is not often made, but the story was too good to keep; he confided the recipe to his cronies, and it straightway became one of the popular dishes of the club menu, and so the father of the club sandwich, so deservedly popular, is the present British Minister to Copenhagen.—Washington Herald.

DAY EXPRESS TO PARRY SOUND

and Sudbury leaves by the C. P. R. at 9.40 a.m. daily (except Sunday). Comfortable coaches and meals served en route.

Caller—So your cook has passed away to a better place? Host—as—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveller.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. RYBERT K. BARKER will receive for the first time since her marriage next Tuesday afternoon at 5 Rowanwood avenue. Mrs. Barker will receive with her daughter-in-law, and the ladies will be at home every third Tuesday during the season. Mr. and Mrs. Alan McDougall Jones and their children returned to Ottawa after the vacation, and Mr. Ed Barker went to the capital with them on a visit.

The R.M.C. Cadets, who have been executing such havoc in the hearts of the younger fair ones of our social circles returned to their studies at Kingston on Wednesday. They have been incessantly entertained at teas, dinners, dances and skating parties during probably the gayest vacation on record.

Mrs. William Boultbee announces the engagement of her daughter, Gladys, and Mr. Charles Edward Morgan Hodge, of London, England.

Cadet Lafferty, R.M.C., spent the holidays with Cadet Ross, son of Dr. J. W. F. Ross, Wellesley and Sherbourne streets.

The New Year's Eve dance, given by Mr. George Beardmore at Chudleigh, which is one of three or four dances each season no one misses if able to be present, was a larger affair than usual, people having friends visiting them or merely spending the holidays in town, asking for invitations right and left, which the kind host was much too amiable to refuse. By twelve o'clock, when supper was served, there were several hundreds gathered around the pretty tables, each brave in decorations of holly and bright flowers, and several of the rooms being needed for supper parties as well as the huge marquee, specially arranged at the back of the house and so cosily heated and nicely lighted that one had no reminder of winter beyond its canvas walls, soft rugs under foot and everything as dainty and pretty as could be. Mr. and Miss Helen Beardmore received for hours, people coming in after dinners, in gay groups, a "beauty" party from Benvenuto, with the fair debutante, Miss Grace Mackenzie, in a delicate blue gown with white lace, and Mrs. William Beardmore, *nee* Mackenzie, a lovely little lady in pink satin, among them. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore looked in for the greetings at the witching hour, and Rear-Admiral Kingsmill was met with good wishes for further honors by his many warm Toronto friends. The young matrons were simply stunning in their smartest gowns, Mrs. Kerr Osborne queening it in an exquisite pale blue gown, with crystal and silver trimmings and fine jewels. Mrs. Sydney Small, whose sparkling brunette beauty always charms her friends, and her guest and sister-in-law, Mrs. Arthur Small, of Chicago; Mrs. George Evans, fair and graceful in a rich white satin gown; Mrs. Harry Osborne in a most becoming orchid gown with ribbon twisted in her dark hair, Mrs. Hal Osler and Mrs. Gordon Osler, in rich satin gowns, the former in palest pink with a quaint coiffure with gold fillet and tassels; Mrs. Ewart Osborne in heliotrope, Mrs. Laybourne in white satin, Mrs. Arthur Hills, in a turquoise crepe sheath gown, which was beautifully hung, received many welcomes back to gay doings after a season of mourning; Mrs. Ross Gooderham looking lovely, and Mrs. Victor Williams in a perfect little white satin Empire gown, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock in white satin and gold embroideries, Mrs. James Elmsley a picture of grace in a white crepe gown, Mrs. Van Straubenzee in white, Mrs. Lally McCarthy in lace and satin, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, in copper-tinted satin, Mrs. Duncan in white with bands of gold lace, Mrs. W. H. Cawthra black jetted net over oyster satin. Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald looked particularly well in a smart white gown, Mrs. Gooderham Mitchell wore pale yellow, and Mrs. Agar Adamson an artistic shade of deep pink, Mrs. John Palmer, *nee* Blight, was lovely in white satin, and Mrs. Campbell Reaves also wore white satin, the choice of this rich texture and effective and becoming color being one of the reasons for the particular beauty and elegance of the Chudleigh dance, at which everyone seemed determined to look their best. As for the girls, they were adorable, the happy *fiances* disputing with the happy brides the palm for beauty. The sisters from Rathnelly, Miss Kerr and Miss Nadine Kerr, dainty Miss Olive Peters, and Miss Muriel Barwick, with their *futurs*, made many a warm-hearted observer send them an extra hearty good wish as the chimes rang out. Miss Melvin Jones, in a lovely gown and pale blue tulle scarf, brought her pretty cousin, Miss Manning, who is down on a visit from Sault Ste. Marie; Mr. Tom Plummer brought his sister, Miss Joyce, a handsome girl in white; Mrs. Evans brought her dashing sister, Miss Dorothy Skill, in a white satin gown, with silver mercury wings in her dark hair; Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Houston, Miss Dorothy Biscoe, Mr. and Miss Augusta Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. A. Boddy, Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, Mr. A. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin, Mr. Law, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Lang-Inness, Cadet Hunter, Mr. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Hills, Colonel Stimson, Mr. Harry Osborne (who came in after the military dinner at Deancroft), were among the gay throng who danced and sang the Lauder two-steps and waltz which the ever up-to-date pianist had at his finger tips. As usual, at the turn of the year, the guests at supper in the marquee and in the library stood and drank a welcome to the New Year, then gave three cheers for Mr. Beardmore, who, in the Hunt Club "pink" (as were his nephew, Mr. Torrance Beardmore, Mr. Harry Osborne, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Lally McCarthy, and Mr. Alfred Beardmore) went from room to room, shaking hands and scattering good wishes with hearty friendliness. A few others of the young set at this jolly dance were Miss Lillian Lee, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Dorothy Walker, Miss Amy Saunders, Miss Vivian Boulton, Miss Mabel Lennox, Misses Georgie and Elsie Sankey, Miss Jessie McMurrich, Miss Fellowes, the Misses Adams, the Misses Baines, Mr. and Miss Arnoldi, Miss Tate, Mr. G. T. Blackstock, Miss Elizabeth Blackstock, Miss Mary Clark, Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Mary Jarvis, Miss Patti Warren, Captain Larkin, Baron Von Nettlebach, Mr. Jack Osler, Mr. Chrysler, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Ross Gooderham, Cadet Hutton, Miss Hilda Burton, Miss Isabel Jackson looked very handsome in pale green, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Adele Harman, Miss Jessie Johnston, the Misses Bertha and Ethel Mackenzie, Miss Juliet Cayley, Mr. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Miss Gooderham of Deancroft, the Misses Morrison, Mr. Percy Manning, Colonel Williams, Major Elmsley, Captain Laybourne, Captain Van Straubenzee, Mr. Frank Darling, Miss Ina Matthews, Miss Helen Davidson, Messrs. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, and many others whose names for the moment escape me. Many who recalled the party two years ago, sent a thought to Mr. and Mrs. Magann, Mr. Kelly Evans and other good friends who are far away just now, but who then joined hands in "Auld Lang Syne" as the merry company did last week. Mr. and Mrs. Fisk were much missed, the latter's health not being yet firmly restored, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beardmore postponing their visit till the Gzowski-Ogilvie wedding, which takes place early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston came over from Niagara to Glenedyth for the holiday, and Mrs. Houston held her post-nuptial reception on Monday afternoon with her mother, Mrs. Nordheimer, and looked the picture of a happy young matron in a most becoming pale blue satin gown. Her Toronto friends were glad of the chance to see her, as she left this week for her home.

Hon. A. B. and Mrs. Aylesworth were in town from Ottawa for a short holiday visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Marsland are at Mrs. Duckworth's, St. George street.

Mr. W. P. Sloane, of Brockville, made a holiday visit to his sister, Mrs. McPherson and Dr. McPherson in Bathurst street.

Several of the debutantes and some of the older belles are going to Ottawa for the opening of Parliament and the Drawing-room. Miss Flora Macdonald is now the guest of Mrs. Perley at the Capital, Miss Dillon Mills, one of the handsomest girls coming out last fall, is also to be at the Drawing-room.

The New Year's Eve dinner given at Deancroft by Colonel Gooderham was in honor of Rev. Ensor Sharpe, the new chaplain to the Royal Grenadier Regiment, succeeding the deeply lamented late Canon Baldwin of All Saints. Colonel Gooderham is always a successful host, and presided over the banquet which was served in the spacious new billiard room with much hearty cordiality, making his guests quite feel the holiday spirit which was abroad on the date of the dinner. Covers were laid for twenty-seven, and one of the officers, Mr. Kingsmill, of St. Thomas, came down especially for the event. The decorations were of Richmond and Beauty roses. Mrs. Gooderham and Miss Charlotte Gooderham received Colonel Gooderham's guests and welcomed them, then the Colonel led the way to the billiard room, the ladies' pleasant duties being at an end. Miss Gooderham was presently off to Chudleigh. Some of the presentation silver at the recent celebration of Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham's silver wedding made a brave appearance at the military dinner, and added much to the beauty of the table.

A very jolly tea was on at the King Edward on Monday, when some of the girls who came out this season and a number of the smart young men in town or spending holidays here had a pleasant hour together. The hostess was one of the very prettiest of this season's garden of girls.

General and Mrs. Swayne were in town for a brief visit on Monday, en route back to British Honduras. Mrs. T. M. Harris had Mrs. Swayne for tea on that day, and General Swayne addressed the officers at a luncheon in the Military Institute on the same date. Though his time was very limited, the General found leisure to call upon Mrs. Walter S. Lee, whose son-in-law and daughter, the late Mrs. Charles Selwyn, were his good friends abroad. Mrs. Lee had just received some letters from Major Selwyn, who had been having some good sport with big game in India, and is very well but very busy. General Swayne does not take the native unrest in India as seriously as some of our friends out there seem to be doing. And somehow, it appears as though those on the spot are liable to be most informed of the real state of affairs. The Swaynes left on Monday evening for New York and New Orleans, thence to British Honduras.

Each afternoon hostesses are presiding at cosy little tea parties in the New Art Galleries in Jarvis street, where the Scotch and Dutch pictures still hang. Some man of taste has bought Israel's "House with the Doves," and the Dominion Government, through Mr. B. E. Walker and another, has made purchases among the Walter Crane exhibits. Miss Katherine Wallace's things, the beautiful little bronze "Pied Piper of Hamelin," a very clever and original study of a rat licking its fur, called "The Toilet," and a most artistic ink-pot or candlestick, an opening water-lily bud and leaves, are at the Galleries, beside her marble bust "August's Daughter," and the beautiful little statuette "The Grandfather." If the president and ladies at the Galleries could find purchasers for some or all of these good things, I think they would be almost as glad as Miss Wallace herself. I have always much admired this artist's work and wonder it isn't picked up more quickly.

Mrs. James Galloway, wife of Colonel Galloway, was the hostess of a large tea in the Military Institute on Wednesday of last week, which occurred too late for notice owing to the holiday arrangements of our paper. Mrs. Galloway and her sister, Mrs. Crumley of Rochester, received in the first drawing-room, the second being arranged as a tea-room, and draped with Union Jacks and Christmas decorations in very smart and effective fashion. The tea-table was centred with a jardiniere of scarlet carnation resting on a sunburst of bayonets, and the same suggestive and pointed articles were arranged in little trophies against the tablecloth, where it hung to the polished floor. It was a very soldierly and scareful sort of fancy, and the ladies were greatly taken with it. The silver candelabra had vivid red shades, and the whole effect was dashing in the extreme. The billiard room and library was used as a cloak-room, and the guests found themselves taking off their wraps while looking east upon Queen's avenue, and greeting their hostess while peeping through the windows into Simcoe street. The Institute is such a rambling deep place that it takes in the entire space between these two thoroughfares. Guests who are not up in military matters also had their own troubles finding the Institute. Some thought it was at Closeburn, and found headquarters oblivious of tea parties; some stormed the Institute from Queen's avenue, and part of the fun of the subsequent tea was the exchanging of the adventures experienced in getting to it. An orchestra playing in the hall, and six or eight bright and agreeable girls waited on the guests in the tea-room. Colonel Galloway was valiant enough to make his appearance and help on the joy of nations about half-past five. I believe this was the first time the profaning foot of the five o'clocker has trod the floors of the Institute. We all hope it won't be the last.

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited
55 YEAR'S GROWTH IN MERCHANDISING.

Our Special Linen Sale

FOR this event each year special efforts are put forth to enable us to offer exceptional values throughout the month and these efforts heretofore have been invariably crowned with successful business.

This January Sale we are anxious to surpass all previous successful efforts. In order to do so we have concluded to offer the best and the most desirable qualities at the lowest price. As our stock is composed entirely of high-grade qualities, we have only to deal with the question of price. An inspection of the articles advertised from day to day throughout the month at the prices quoted will convince you of values unprecedented.

FIVE HUNDRED SATIN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS AT HALF PRICE

These Cloths are the product of some of the most celebrated Irish makers; some are seconds, others perfect goods; every size to choose from, at exactly half price.

In this January Sale you will find special prices in everything, including Cotton and Linen Sheets, Cotton and Linen Pillow Cases, both hemstitched or plain; Blankets, Down Quilts, White Counterpanes, Bath Towels, Bath Mats, Toilet Towels, Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Doylies, Tray Cloths and Lace Edged Linen of all descriptions, and the largest and best assortment of Damask Table Cloths and Table Napkins we have ever shown.

THE SAME TO YOU

Is expressed by many at this time of the year. For one to live the many, many happy years wished by one's friends, it is absolutely necessary to take Cook's Turkish and Russian baths; good health is then assured.

Tell your friends what you intend to do, and if they have not already started advise them to start at once, you will then meet them year after year to extend Christmas greetings. Open day and night with excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms. A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

202-204 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Annual January Sale
—OF—
ORIENTAL RUGS

At this sale we are showing the largest stock of rugs ever seen in Canada. The assortment includes a great number of the

Most Beautiful Moderate-priced Rugs on the American Continent

We have just recently opened several new bales of particularly handsome medium-sized pieces, as well as a lot of larger carpets and smaller mats. This new shipment of Persian and Turkish rugs will also be included in the Annual January Sale, when all goods will be sold at

25% to 35% Reduction

Among the stock of rugs are choice examples of such makes as Antique Iran, Mousul, Boukhara, Kirmanshah, Tabriz, Kazak, Serebend, Antique Ghiordez, Meshed, Bejar, etc.

A great opportunity—Exceptional Assortment—Get first pick of new goods. Prices are a quarter and one-third less than usual.

Send for our handsome new illustrated Booklet on Oriental Rugs.

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN OUR CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 King Street East Opposite King Edward Hotel

SAVE YOUR FACE

It's well worth while. Don't let your cheeks get rough or red, or your lips chapped, when you can so easily prevent it by using

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It will keep your skin fresh and soft and beautiful in spite of winds and sun. 25 cents at your druggist's.

E. G. WEST & CO. - - TORONTO

SOCIETY

THE Poudre ball, always a very pretty and interesting scene, took place with much eclat at the King Edward last night. The Lady Patronesses were Lady Clark, Lady Falconbridge, Lady Pellatt, Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Alexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. Alexander of Meadowbank, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. W. B. Matthews, Mrs. Tom Clark, Mrs. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Coulson, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. J. B. Maclean, Mrs. Shoenberger, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. H. D. Warren and Mrs. Sydney Small. The stewards were Mr. Harry Grubbe, Mr. Marvin Rathbun, Mr. Howard Ridout, Mr. Douglas Warren, Mr. John Palmer, Mr. Stephen Jones, Mr. Louis Gibson, Mr. Clement Pepler, Mr. Charles Fellowes, Mr. Guy Burton, Mr. Louis MacMurray, Mr. Stewart Saunders and Mr. Harry Walker. Everyone felt it incumbent upon them to do their best for the success of the ball this year, on account of the serious loss by fire suffered by the Ladies' Work Depository last year.

Colonel and Mrs. Hodgins, of Ottawa, paid a short visit to Cloynewood during the holidays, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins.

Miss Flora Macdonald does not leave for Ottawa until next week.

Mrs. McCoy, of St. Catharines, who has been visiting her people in Toronto, is quite seriously ill.

Mrs. Harry Fleming will hold her post-nuptial reception next Tuesday afternoon at 269 Rusholme road.

Dr. Patton and his niece, Miss Carlyle, are home, after a delightful trip through Southern Europe.

The marriage of Mrs. W. McCulloch and Major Van Straubenzee takes place to-day.

Miss Olive Peters, of London, has been the guest of Mrs. Coulson in Beverley street, and her hostess gave a tea in her honor on December 30.

Another of the mid-week celebrations of the last of the year was a bridge party given by Mrs. Dwight Turner, for the bride of a few weeks ago—her sister, Mrs. George Irving. Five tables were played and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Charles Boone and Mrs. H. Burns were the lucky prize-winners. Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Morris presided at the tea table.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. H. Cassels have been spending a holiday visit with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. J. Dixon of Stonehurst, Cluny Avenue, gave a couple of bridge parties on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. Gooch gave a young folks dance in The New Galleries, Jarvis Street, on Thursday.

Lady Dollie Smyly gave a small supper on New Year's eve to welcome the New Year. The supper table was prettily decorated with flowers and ribbons, and a happy party enjoyed the pleasant hour.

Miss Erie Temple was the hostess of a girls' tea on Thursday afternoon.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. McKeown, Lethbridge, Alberta, (formerly of Hamilton, Ont.) on Saturday, 26th December, 1908, at high noon, their youngest daughter, Hazel, was married to Mr. T. A. Hornibrook, son of Mr. J. T. Hornibrook, of Toronto. Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Knox College, Toronto, officiated. The bride wore a handsome gown of white princess cloth trimmed with duchess lace. Mrs. Lew Menkler, sister of the bride, was matron of honor, and Mr. Howard G. Anderson, of Calgary, was best man. After receiving the congratulations of their friends, the happy couple started for the East on their wedding trip, and came to Toronto for New Years, where they are the guests of the groom's father before returning to their home in Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin and Miss Larkin have left for the Continent, where they will do some motoring.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ryan are to spend the season in London, England.

Mrs. Albert Gooderham is giving a luncheon on Monday. Mrs. Calderwood is giving a very small bridge on the same day.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Henrietta Louise Heming, Hamilton, to Mr. James Noxon, of Toronto.

The indoor baseball games among the officers are now on at the Armories on Saturday evenings, and many ladies who have that evening disengaged find it great fun to watch them, and enjoy the tea which is served during the evening.

The Misses Sternberg are giving their first fancy dress dance to their junior pupils this week too late for notice. An account of this dance will be given in next week's paper. The second dance for senior pupils is announced to take place on Wednesday, January 13, from 7 to 11 p.m.

Mr. and Mrs. Manson, of Lake Lawn, Grimsby, had a merry house-party, for the week-end, and gave a large dance, New Year's Eve; the fine old home, looked very beautiful with its Christmas decorations, and filled with the happy faces of old and young to the third generation.

Miss Florence Taylor of Florsheim and her young brother Oscar, who has not been very strong lately, left for Nassau, West Indies, last week to spend the winter. Miss Ethel Taylor, who has been for the last four months touring in Egypt, and journeyed one thousand miles up the Nile, returned to Toronto last Sunday, and will be with Mrs. Taylor at Florsheim all winter.

Remarkable Art Discovery.

THE London Daily Mail gives the following account of a remarkable discovery of forty-seven masterpieces by the painter Turner.

Mystery has ever attached to the name of Joseph Mallord William Turner, who was born the son of a barber in Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, and died fifty-seven years ago to-day (Saturday) in a house which may still be seen on the Thames Embankment at Chelsea.

Surprise has followed surprise, from the moment that he died with the words, "The sun is God" on his lips to Monday, when visitors to the National Gallery saw, for the first time, some forty-seven of his water-color drawings and oil pictures which have for years been hidden away, unknown to everyone of this generation, at Trafalgar-square.

Some three years ago Londoners were startled by the news that a score of Turner's pictures, some of them being among his finest, and most characteristic achievements, had been found at Trafalgar-square and were to be hung in the Tate Gallery, where they have long been on view.

But the latest discovery affords one of the most remarkable chapters in the romantic history of art. Indeed, it was quite by chance that the newly exhibited water-color drawings came to light at all.

About a year ago it was found necessary to transform the room which contained the Eastlake Library into the Director's private room, and the bookcases were taken down and removed to a larger room on the other side of the passage which communicates with the private offices attached to the Gallery. Mr. Hawes Turner, the Keeper and Secretary, found to his astonishment at the back of one of the bookcases a large portfolio, which, on examination, was seen to contain the water-colors which have in the last two days been placed on screens in the Turner Room (Room XXII.) at Trafalgar-square.

The Director, Sir Charles Holroyd, whose energy, initiative, and wise discrimination have brought about such important, not to say epoch-making, changes at the gallery in the two or three years he has held office, has had these water-colors suitably mounted. They have been very slightly cleaned by the use of bread only, and no re-touching has been necessary. Considering that Turner's water-color of "Heidelberg, with Rainbow" was sold at Christie's in the Holland sale last June for £4,410, and his oil painting of "Mortlake Terrace" fetched over £13,000, one wonders what price would have had to be paid for the contents of this portfolio if it had been put up as one "lot" at public auction in London, with all its contents accurately catalogued.

But this is not all. A further Turner "find" has to be recorded. One of the store-rooms was not long ago "explored," and a mysterious bundle, wrapped up in brown paper and tied with string, was brought to light. This precious parcel, which bore Ruskin's initials, contained a few crinkled panels of mahogany veneer, apparently of no importance, artistic or otherwise. The Director, however, needed but a few minutes to see that he held in his hands some precious oil paintings by "the one man who saw Nature in its relation and subjection to the human soul."

These pictures have been mounted on mahogany panels by Mr. Morrill, the "liner" to the gallery, and have been restored by Mr. Buttery, the official cleaner, who has merely had to remove the dirt and cover a few accidental damages.

They are now all hung together on a screen, and have been labelled:

"A Town on the Thames" (No. 2,307).

"Newark Abbey" (No. 2,302).

"A Wide Valley with a Tower and Spire" (No. 2,304).

"Windsor Castle from the River" (No. 2,306).

The finest of all perhaps is "Windsor Castle from the Meadows" (No. 2,308). There are five more of these "hidden treasures" painted in oil, and all hang on this or adjoining screens.

SATURDAY NIGHT's New York correspondent, writing early this week, says:

There will be but one change this week at the theatres, Mr. Digby Bell in "An International Marriage," taking the place of Miss Annie Russel, whose successful run in "The Stronger Sex," has just been brought to a close.

The theatrical event of last week, as announced, was the opening of Maxine Elliot's new theatre with a new play by Marion Fairfax, "The Chaperone." The comedy, more or less a comedy of manners, is bright and entertaining, and likely to run for some time in its comfortable home. The theatre itself has come in for general admiration. It is a welcome and charming addition to the play houses of the city, beautiful architecturally, with white marble facade, and an interior not too large and exceedingly comfortable in all its appointments. The opening was a brilliant social event, equal in every respect to an opera night. Mary Anderson, or Mrs. de Navarro, as she is now known, who is in the country on a visit, occupied a box, and came in for a large share of attention.

The Minister—Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh? The Deacon—No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subjec' o' resignation fur twa years, an' ye hivna resigned yit.—Exchange.

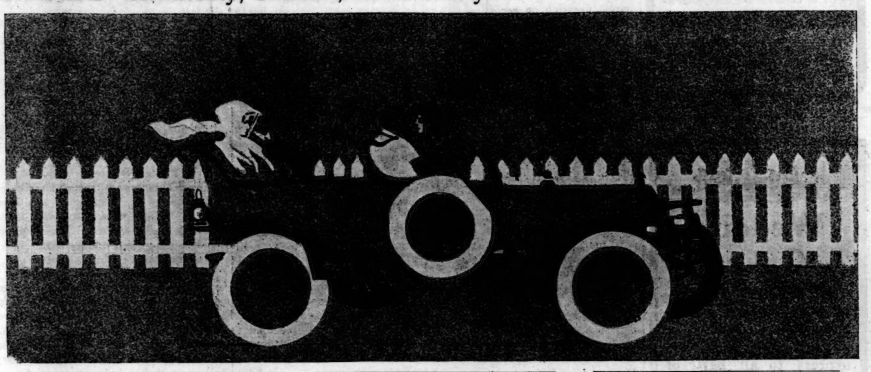
"Will father be an angel?" asked the little boy. "He's got whiskers, and angels don't have any." "Well," replied the grandmother, "your father may get there, but it will be by a close shave."—Atlanta Constitution.

"You ought to know better, Johnny," said Mrs. Lapsling, reprovingly, than ask me what the difference is between courage and bravery. They are pusillanimous terms and mean the same thing."—Chicago Tribune.

If you would Experience the Delight of Travelling in a Really Smooth-Running Car, let us Demonstrate for you a Model "D" Oldsmobile

We are proud to point to our new Touring Car for '09, as an example of the highest development in Motor Car construction, as we understand it.

We rely upon this Model "D" Car to bear out in every particular the claims we have been making for OLDSMOBILES in general, including the three great essentials—Reliability, Comfort, Accessibility.



RELIABILITY

By this we mean primarily the ability of the car to live up to the manufacturer's claims. This means "roadibility"—brought about by careful selection of parts; careful workmanship; careful testing—three things which are absolutely necessary for the production of a safe, sane car.

COMFORT

Your selection may range from a roadster to a limousine—but see to it that the car possesses the features which *you* demand for comfort. Comfort means a clean car—clean in the sense of clean-cut design; clean in the sense of absence of grease and dust; clean in its operation; clean in its riding qualities; clean in its appointments.

ACCESSIBILITY

This is a feature, the value of which is well known to the owner of an inaccessible car.
Look to it that your machine has this quality—not "overalls" accessibility, but "cuffs-on" accessibility.
In reality, the proper care of a car is a simple task—if the owner understands it, and if the maker has kept the feature of accessibility uppermost in his design.

Frederic Sager, Manager — **The OLDSMOBILE CO. OF CANADA, Limited** TORONTO - - - - - ONTARIO — W. L. Stoneburn, City Sales Manager

Kay's January Furniture Sale

The furniture that fills four floors of this huge building is no ordinary collection. In buying here you pick from a carefully selected stock, every item in which has been chosen with an eye to sound construction, good finish and artistic excellence of design.

During this month every piece of furniture in the Store is on sale at a price much below regular. Special reductions, ranging from 20 to 50 per cent. have been made on a large number of articles that, for any reason—or no reason at all—have overstayed their time limit. A few such items are here listed.

Mahogany Chiffonier—36 inches wide, 6 drawers, beautifully made and finished, a modern English design. Regularly $35, for $27.00

Dressing Table to match—Regularly $28.00, for $20.00

Cheval Mirror to match. Plate glass measures 20 in. x 54 in. Regularly $38.50, for $28.50

Mahogany Clock—A new art design, with high-grade movement. Regularly $52.50, for $40.00

Bachelor's Cabinet—Fine Mahogany, with enclosure. The fittings include plate glass and silver cigar and cigarette boxes, match and ash holders, spirit lamp, coffee set with cups, liqueur set with glasses. Regularly $150, for $90.00

Fumed Oak Buffet, No. 69—An excellent design. Regularly $55.00, for $30.00

Hall Stand, No. 37—In Flemish oak, an uncommon and useful design. Regularly $50.00, for $29.00

Chest of Drawers—48 inches wide, in solid oak, weathered, fitted with 7 drawers and secretary. Regularly $60.00, for $30.00

Hall Stand, No. 1189—An uncommon and most convenient piece of furniture, in fine quarter-cut oak, golden finish. Regularly $20.00, for $10.00

JOHN KAY COMPANY LIMITED
36 and 38 KING ST. W. TORONTO

There is only one Bovril

That name is your guarantee that the article you buy really does contain all the nutritive, stimulating and flavoring qualities of prime beef.
Do not be induced to accept some other preparation in place of BOVRIL.

ORDER BOVRIL NOW.

Collars in ¼ Sizes
Made in styles to suit the most exacting, in a quality that resists wear.
BOULEVARD
Height, 1⅝ in. back and 2 in. front.

Made in Quarter Sizes.
By the most careful, expert workmanship. Perfectly shaped and double stitched for strength and long wear. Castle Brand, 25c. each, 3 for 50c. Elk Brand, 2 for 25c.
Makers, Berlin.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

GORDON—At the Cottage Hospital, Toronto, Jan. 5, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Gordon, a daughter.

McLEOD—At Walmer Road Hill, Jan. 3, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Denvers McLeod, a son.

McCLURE—At Port Sydney, Muskoka, Jan. 2, 1909, to Capt. and Mrs. M. McClure, a daughter.

HARDISTY — At "Springfield Farm," Westfield, Ont., Dec. 28, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. W. Hardisty, a daughter.

BENNETT—At Lethbridge, Alta., Jan. 1, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. V. Bennett, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

STANDING-PURDY — At the Friends Church, Carlton street, Toronto, Jan. 6, 1909, by Rev. Dr. Firth, of Queen's University, Kingston, Muriel Gladys Purdy, daughter of Mrs. James P. Johnson, of Toronto, to William Edward Standing son of William Standing, Esq., of Dublin, Ireland.

MILLAR-GRAHAM — At Owen Sound, Dec. 29, 1908, Ellen Maude Graham, B.A., daughter of Mrs. S. Graham, to Frederick Gourley Millar, B.A., of Quebec.

CORIOLIS-FULLER—At Inglenuk, Hamilton, Hilda Katherine, only daughter of the late H. H. Fuller, Esq., of Mcdonald Hall, Guelph, to Ernest George de Coriolis, eldest son of Baron Gustave de Coriolis, of Havre, France.

ROSS-BETHUNE—In Toronto, Jan. 2, 1909, by Rev. R. M. Millman, of St. Anne's, Marion Bethune, of Vancouver, B.C., to Dr. Wm. K. Ross, of Toronto.

DEATHS.

MARSH—At "Lake View," Clarksburg, Ont., Dec. 24, 1908, Benjamin Joseph Marsh.

MIGHT—In Toronto, Jan. 5, 1909, John M. Might, in his 78th year.

SINCLAIR—At Cheltenham, Jan. 5, 1909, Duncan Sinclair, B.A., Sc., of New Liskeard.

GRAHAM—At Queensville, Dec. 31, 1908, Helen McClelland Graham, only daughter of Dr. E. D. and E. McClelland Graham, aged 7 years and 6 months.

E. HOPKINS BURIAL CO. (E. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS 639 YONGE STREET

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER Private Mortuary Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

W. H. STONE CO. N 3755 — OUR $50, $75, $100 FUNERALS Include high-class furnishings, appointments, services and carriages. 33 Carlton St.

Society at the Capital

AS anticipated, the holiday festivities more than compensated for the former lack of the gayer description of social events, and the past ten days have proved in this respect a thoroughly enjoyable time, especially for the younger folk, who are always the more favored ones at this time of the year. Dances, skating parties, and teas galore have been the order of the day, but limited space allows the mention of only a few of the larger entertainments.

ON Monday night the first large skating party of the season was given by Mr. D'Arcy Scott, President of the Minto Club, and Mrs. Scott, in the Arena. His Excellency Lord Grey and Lady Grey honored the occasion with their presence, and were accompanied by Lady Evelyn Grey, Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, Miss Hanbury Williams, Lord Lascelles, Capt. Fife, and Mr. Leveson Gower. His Excellency and Lady Evelyn joined the skaters, Lady Evelyn looking extremely well in a smart black velvet costume with rhinestone buttons and lace jabot.

All the members of the Minto Club were among the skaters, besides a large number of their friends, while a great many of the older people contented themselves with watching the graceful manoeuvres of the accomplished devotees of the art. The new tea-room was used for the first time, and was most attractively decorated with holly and evergreen wreathing. Red poinsettias and red-shaded candelabra made a very effective decoration on the refreshment table, which was bountifully laden with delicious edibles and acceptable hot drinks. His Excellency led the Grand March with Miss Mary Scott, and was followed by Lady Evelyn Grey with Mr. D'Arcy Scott, and about fifty couples of most graceful and adept skaters, all of whom kept up admirably in this rather strenuous task, where a fall or a *faux pas* is likely to upset the whole proceeding.

TUESDAY'S principal and most enjoyable event was a large and very smart tea, at which Mrs. Alan Aylesworth entertained in honor of her nieces, the Misses Grange, of Toronto. As usual with this very popular hostess, great taste was displayed in the floral arrangements, both in the library, where she received, and in the dining-room and drawing-room, in all of which a wealth of beautiful pink roses abounded. On the tea-table soft pink tulle and broad pink ribbons were prettily arranged around a large crystal bowl of pink roses and pink-shaded silver candelabra, and silver bowls of roses stood at either end and corner of the table.

Mrs. Aylesworth wore a most becoming pink gown of crepe de chine over silk; Miss Grange's gown was of pale green with touches of gold, and Miss Evelyn was very pretty in a costume of champagne colored silk, embroidered on the bodice. Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Madame Rodolphe Lemieux and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe did duty in pouring tea, coffee, and chocolate, and had as assistants Miss Jean Fielding, Miss Mary Davies, the Misses Oliver, Miss Kathleen Ewart, Miss Marjorie Macpherson, Miss Helen Coutlee, Miss Ethel Perley, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, and Miss Lola Powell.

An additional pleasure was the bright music rendered by an orchestra which was stationed in an alcove at the end of the room, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all the bright and pretty girls of the Capital, among whom were the Misses Fielding, the Misses Chadwick, Miss Muriel Burrowes, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Ethel Palmer, the Misses McLeod Clarke, Miss Tudor Montizambert, the Misses Kingsford, the Misses Cartwright, Miss Eva Lessard, Miss Borden, Mrs. Allan Gill, the Misses Ritchie, Miss Hilda Murphy, the Misses Christie, Miss Isobel Sherwood, Miss Mildred Cox, Miss Mary Gray, Miss Evelyn Powell, the Misses Bate, Miss Norah Lewis, and a great many more.

THE May Court ball—an affair which annually eclipses all other gay events in the Capital—this year followed the same old rule, and New Year's Eve witnessed a most brilliant gathering in the Old Racquet Court in answer to the invitation of the May Queen and members of the May Court Club. His Excellency, Lord Grey, with Lady Evelyn Grey and all the members of the Vice-regal staff, attended, and were accompanied by a party of guests who are at present staying at Government House, among them being Hon. Beresford Hope, Hon. Hugo Charteris, Mr. Tom Newton (brother of Capt. Newton, S.D.C.), Mr. Davidson, Col. Swayne, Governor of British Honduras, and Mrs. Swayne, and the Misses McCook, of New York. Unfortunately, her Excellency Lady Grey was unable to attend owing to a slight indisposition.

The decorations, the beauty of which were due to the artistic taste of Miss Lilias Ahearn, who had this department under her jurisdiction, and who designed them entirely, were specially pleasing. Red bunting entirely covered the walls, making an excellent background for the light evening dresses, and ropes of evergreen, with myriads of tiny electric bulbs, twinkling therein, were festooned from the walls to the centre of the ceiling, where hung a large bell composed of greenery and scarlet blossoms. A scarlet-covered dais was arranged at the end of the room, on which gilt and mahogany chairs were placed for the accommodation of their Excellencies and suite, and over this hung a scroll with "A Happy New Year" done in electric lights. Red roses and carnations, palms and ferns were effectively arranged on the long buffet in the ante-room, and in the supper-room down stairs the same "Christmassy" color scheme was carried out with the aid of quantities of scarlet poinsettias and red-shaded candelabra. At ten o'clock the entrance of his Excellency and party was announced by the orchestra striking up "God Save the King," and his Excellency was accompanied to the dais by the May Queen, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, who, with Mrs. Edward Fauquier and Miss Tudor Montizambert, received all the guests on their arrival.

The State Lancers were formed immediately after the arrival of the Vice-regal party, and were arranged as follows: His Excellency with Alice Fitzpatrick, Lady Evelyn Grey with Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Lady Fitzpatrick with Sir Louis Davies, Lady Hanbury Williams with Mr. H. B. McGiverin, M.P., Mrs. McGiverin with Sir John Hanbury Williams, Mrs. Clifford Sifton with Mr. R. L. Borden, Mrs. Borden with Col. Swayne, Mrs. Swayne with Hon. Clifford Sifton. On the conclusion of the Lancers dancing became general, and although at first the great heat and tremendous crush proved rather a drawback to the thorough enjoyment of the good music and excellent floor, these inconveniences righted themselves after a short time, and the fun was kept up steadily until 3 a.m.

According to a custom of former years, just as the clock chimed 12, all those in the ballroom joined hands, and forming three large circles, one within another, united in singing the National Anthem, followed by "Auld Lang Syne," after which there was a general exchange of wishes for a Happy New Year.

The gowns worn at this ball were each and all exceedingly smart, the Empire and Directoire effect being almost wholly adopted. Lady Evelyn Grey wore a black satin Empire gown with puffings of white tulle on the corsage and sleeves; Miss Fitzpatrick was in pale yellow satin; Mrs. Edward Fauquier's gown was one of the prettiest in the room, and was of irridescent sequins over cream satin; and Miss Montizambert wore white Limerick lace over silk. The enterprising May Court Club are certainly to be congratulated on the complete success, both socially and financially, of their efforts, and it is a source of gratification to know they will reap a goodly sum, which will enable them to carry on the many charitable works for which they are noted.

MRS. ALEX. CHRISTIE'S large At Home at Trennick House on New Year's Day was one of the most largely attended this season, and was a gathering of all the smart set of the Capital, as well as of a great many visitors who were spending the holidays in town. All looked their very best, and altogether it was a most enjoyable event.

Mrs. and the Misses Fay and Katherine Christie are leaving almost immediately to spend the balance of the winter abroad.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Jan. 4, 1909.

"The constable seems wonderfully certain about the details of my case," said a defendant, with a sneer; "but how is it he doesn't call his fellow-officer to corroborate what he says?" "There's only one constable stationed in the village, sir," exclaimed the policeman. "But I saw two last night," indignantly asserted the defendant. "Exactly," the policeman rejoined, smiling broadly. "That's just the charge against you."—Stray Stories.

The elevators in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, which run to the ladies' parlors, to the dressing-rooms and to the women's Turkish baths are now in charge of young women, who have been trained for their duties.

Ashbury After the Season.

THE tumult and the shouting dies;
with smirk
Ye lardy landlord speeds ye parting guest,
Who came with wallet full, and laugh and jest,
But now, well plucked, as poor as any Turk,
Extends the hand (and would it gripped a dirk!)
In falsely fond farewell; 'tis damply pressed,
And, fingering fat wallet in his vest,
Mine host beholds him wending back to work!

Downcast, Mine Host—yet not disconsolate,
Not wholly hopeless at the season's end;
His platform holds no weak, despondent plank,
An equal courage his for any fate—
If cash. What summer made let winter spend—
With some small margin, certes, for the bank.

The tumult and the shouting dies; the street,
Late multivocal with all gladsome tones,
Reechoes glum Atlantic's measured moans,
That punctuate the silence—stabbed by heat,
At ragged intervals, of hasting feet—
No more the busy hawker lures the drones
With toothsome tempting store of ice cream cones,
Delectable confection, Jovian meat!

Unsentinelled the broad verandas gloom,
As deep and dark and cavernous as Styx;
Such fabric ne'er of desolation wove
The Sisters three; yet o'er the billows' boom
One cheerful sound is heard the Twenty-Six,
Who reckon up fat profits in the Grove.

The tumult and the shouting dies; the beach
Is left to buffeting of autumn gales,
And through the arched pavilions weirdly wails
The keening spirit of the sea; what speech
Gives forth each restless, rushing wave to each!
Meseemeth, wind and breaker bandy tales
From summer days of bare limbed basking males,
And echo feminine remonstrant screech!

The tumult and the shouting dies; the throng,
Gay plumaged birds of passage, otherwhere
Disport themselves (or hand out socks and ties,
Or measure lace and ribbons all day long,
At seven and a half the week). I swear,
I'm glad the tumult and the shouting dies!

—New York Sun.

When You are Gone.

WHEN you are gone
The tailors' bills will still lead on,
Still flutter far beyond thy ken
To lure and crush thy fellow men;
The tramp of many feet shall still
Come hurrying with many a bill,
Pursue thy kin forever on,
When you are gone.

When you are gone,
And suns and systems still wheel on,
That grocery bill will yet hold pace
With all thy brooding, mourning race;
The butcher's boy will pass the door
Remembering his unpaid score;
Your washerwoman, lingering where
The sun glints on her rich, red hair,
Will scowl and mutter and pass on
When you are gone.

When you are gone
The rains will still descend upon
The just and unjust, as they did
Upon your unpaid derby lid;
The comets and the stars perforce
Will hold upon their wonted course;
The gopher gambol through the corn
As from the day that you were born;
And wild geese honking in the air
Will honk as wildly raucous there
As they have thus honked everywhere;
The sunset glow will still sift down,
Your doctor, lawyer still will frown,
The "ten" you owe me still lead on.
When you are gone.

—W. H. Dilworth, In Life.

Prospective Best Man—Got the marriage license yet? Prospective Bridegroom—No; I'm not going to get that until the last thing. She may go back on me.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW YORK BROOKLYN

BUFFALO PHILADELPHIA

OPPENHEIM, COLLINS & CO.

Main and Huron Streets

Beginning January IIth

THE GREATEST CLEARANCE SALE EVER HELD IN BUFFALO

The Entire Stock of Ladies' and Misses' Tailored Suits, Costumes, Outergarments, Furs, Children's Goods, Skirts, Waists & Millinery

Will be Offered at a Great Reduction

Bohemia.

A Lesson in Geography.

ON the north it is bounded by mountains of Fame,
On the south by the Valley of Tears,
On the west by the mystical Highlands of Hope,
On the east by the Forest of Fears.

Its products are laurels and oats—*wild* oats;
Its mineral, gold of the heart;
And its natives are known by the rents in their coats,
While the name of its ruler is Art.

The tongue of its people is simple to learn;
Their chief works are "borrow" and "lend,"
"Technique" and "idea," "broke," "dinner" and "beer,"
"Love," "wine," and "to-morrow" and "friend."

The national hymn is a song of good cheer,
The national flower, heartsease;
The national emblem, a tankard of beer,
And its motto is, "Do as you please!"

Its latitude? Some say it lies in the zone
That runs from the heart to the head;
For its day just begins, when respectable folk
Are quietly going to bed.

No laws guard its ports from the stranger without.
Would a wanderer enter? He may!
Yet, though wide be the world, it is only the few
Have succeeded in finding the way.

Would you go? Take a train at the town, Dream-of-Fame,
Or a ship at the port of Don't Care,
Sail or ride for a day, through the Widening Way,
And at Poverty land—You are there.

Put up at the hostelry, Cheap Table d'Hote,
Where the prince and the pauper may dine,
And forget all your ills, all your sorrows and bills,
In the national nectar, Red Wine.

'Tis a wonderful draught, full of bubble-o'-dreams,
This draught of the surcease-of-sorrow;
So drink to that rare land, that work-wait-and-dare land,
Bohemia—Land of To-morrow!

—Helen Rowland, in Life.

"That's a nice-looking chap at the next table," said the young man who was treating his best girl to a lobster supper. "Is he a friend of yours?" "Yes, indeed," laughed the pretty girl. "Well, eh—I think I'll ask him to join us." "Oh, this is so sudden!" "What's so sudden?" "Why—why, that's our young minister."—Chicago Daily News.

"Have you ever loved and lost?" sighed the swain. "Nope," responded the maiden, promptly. "I've won every breach of promise suit I ever brought."—Cleveland Leader.

THE BOOKLOVERS LIBRARY ANNOUNCEMENT

Bacon said "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and digested."
Books are the best companions during the long winter evenings. Perhaps you are at this time considering the matter as to what books to read and possibly the expense of purchasing as many of the recent publications as you desire. Let us solve the problem for you by suggesting that you become a member of The Booklovers Library. You will then be able to read all the late books for less than two cents a day.

SPECIAL OFFER FOR JANUARY

The annual membership fee is $6.00 paid in advance and if your subscription is received during January we will present to you a membership in the The Tabard Inn Library which, in addition to your Booklovers membership, will provide reading matter for your entire family for one entire year for less than the price of six popular novels.

Booklovers Dollar Membership

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER—ALL THE LATEST BOOKS.
ONLY ONE DOLLAR for registration. This pays also for the first two months' service. The expense thereafter is Fifty Cents a Month. When you register your membership you may select (for your first book) any one of over three hundred of the very newest publications. There are No Fines or vexatious charges of any kind. Members may discontinue their memberships at the end of any subscription month, and may exchange their books as often as they choose; daily, if they wish.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO OUR LIST.
The Fighting Line—David Lyall.
Purple Love—Morice Gerard.
The Governors—Oppenheim.
The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne—Hocking.
Out of Doors in the Holy Land—Van Dyke.

The Booklovers Library
66 King St. West, Toronto. 472 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

DOING YOUR OWN HOUSEWORK EASILY

There is no more wholesome pleasure for the mistress of a small household than to care for it herself.

Housework is relieved of its drudgery by using Electrical appliances for cooking, Electrical Flat Irons, Water Heaters, Coffee Percolators, Baby Milk Warmers, Toasters, Chafing Dishes, etc.

These save infinite drudgery, need little attention, and are very economical.

Come in and let us tell you more about them.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. Limited
12 Adelaide Street East

Up-to-Date Eye-Glasses
Greatly Improve One's Appearance

¶ Let us show you some of our new-style "Mounts."
¶ You'll find we can fit you so that your glasses will really be comfortable as well as neat in appearance.
¶ Great improvements have been introduced in this line of late—and we are ready to show you all of them.
¶ It will soon be time to think about Christmas Gifts—Remember that this is Headquarters for OPERA GLASSES.

A. E. RYDE - ::: OPTICIAN ::: KING EDWARD HOTEL
PHONE MAIN 2510. 49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Are Earthquakes On The Increase?

Speculations of a Casual Observer.

THE writer of this article does not pretend to have exclusive information concerning the why and wherefore of Mother Earth's contortions, but as one who prefers to reside on that part of her surface where stability is most assured, not unnaturally wonders where and when the next earthquake is going to occur.

For many generations we appear to have enjoyed comparative freedom from violent seismic disturbance, so that one had some justification in imagining the volcanic age to be a thing of the past. Consequently we arranged our children in a row around the school map and taught them to regard certain elevated parts of this planet's crust as "extinct" volcanoes.

But, with the advent of the twentieth century, some of the most powerful death-dealing earth tremors ever recorded in human history have occurred, following each other with alarming rapidity—Martinique, San Francisco, Valparaiso, Jamaica, Vesuvius and Southern Italy—so that now a geographer may very properly hesitate to term any part an "extinct" volcanic region; and some of us must commence to reconstruct our ideas of the earth's structure, even as we are painfully rebuilding our demolished towns.

Theories as to the cause of earthquakes are as plentiful as suggestions of how to avoid them are scarce. In fact in this, the enlightened scientific century, we have progressed so little beyond the stage of pagan mythology that the instant an earthquake occurs people flock into the houses of prayer, and, in one instance, are only pacified by the body of a dead saint being carried through the streets as an earthquake preventative, forsooth!

Until this most recent terrible calamity in South Italy and Sicily, "divine wrath," as in the case of poor old 'Frisco, was often a very useful and effective explanation of the origin of a seismic disturbance. But in the case of Sicily at least, the writer, without any anxiety to be mistaken for a second Lot, can personally vouch for the sober, righteous and godly life of its inhabitants.

Earnest, humble peasant and fisherfolk largely comprise its rural population, while in its cities are some of the most magnificent churches and cathedrals ever built. Catania, at the foot of Mount Etna, has one of the largest theological colleges in Italy, and priests are considerably more numerous than policemen. Southern Italy itself is the veritable back door of the most mighty Christian potentate in the world.

Clearly then the "divine wrath" explanation will scarcely apply, and we must now look, with sorrow, let it be confessed, for some other theory. One fact that particularly impresses the writer in all volcanic eruptions, is the proximity of a large body of water to the scene of each disaster. Martinique is a two-thirds submerged mountain. 'Frisco and Valparaiso are magnificent harbors on the Pacific Coast. Jamaica is an island in the West Indies. Italy is a range of mountains in the Mediterranean, with Sicily an island at its southern extremity.

Without begging the question by asserting that this planet was once part of the sun, geologists can prove to us that the earth was, at one time, in a molten state, and the deeper we penetrate into its crust the greater heat we find. This would lead one to believe that the earth is undergoing a gradual cooling-off process with the consequent formation of a solid crust.

We all understand the laws of expansion by heat and contraction by cold, so that it naturally follows as the earth cools down it must contract. No body can contract without altering the position of the atoms which go to make that body, either by compressing them into a smaller space or by creating a fracture across the surface. Consequently, as the earth grows older, wrinkles continue to develop, and these wrinkles are termed earthquakes.

But since it does not of necessity follow that the wrinkles or fractures must confine themselves to the dry land, we find at times, as in the most recent seismic disturbance, that a huge wrinkle may develop across both land and sea, causing both an earthquake and a tidal wave. Not forgetting the enormous heat which undoubtedly continues to exist beneath the earth's crust, let us try to imagine what must happen when a crack occurs in the bed of the ocean.

At the time of the Martinique disaster it was observed by the crew of the only escaping vessel (S.S. Roddam) that locally the sea suddenly dropped a depth of twenty feet and then actually *boiled*.

Again, in the Italian earthquake, we are informed that the sea-level dropped and the Straits of Messina were entirely altered. Since the sea-level cannot very well fall twenty feet instantly without the water rushing somewhere, we are left with the hypothesis that a large volume of water escapes through the fracture in the bed of the ocean, into the almost unimaginable heat beneath the earth's crust.

Having now introduced a large volume of water beneath the earth's crust, one may speculate *ad infinitum* without much fear of contradiction. As it may safely be said, no one knows what is occurring in those impenetrable (by human agency) regions.

One thing is certain. Before water may be transformed into steam, it must expand. That water, in contact with a molten mass, must either quench the heat or become steam appears to be equally certain. But the enormous volume of water behind will not allow it to expand into steam, and it clearly cannot extinguish the internal molten mass many times greater in volume than itself. Consequently, we seem to have a very near approach to the paradoxical school-day problem of "an irresistible force meeting an immovable mass!" And the only apparent result is—a volume of water, white-hot, greater than the greatest heat ever generated by human agency, rushing round internal caverns, seeking for a point of least resistance where it may expand into steam.

How long this titanic phenomenon continues—minutes or years—it would be vain to consider, but we may try to imagine the terrible explosion which ultimately occurs when a weak spot in the earth's crust is found. In the case of Mount Pelee (1902) the entire top of a mountain was blown off and huge streams of molten rock flowed down the mountain side, killing instantly 25,000 people.

Although the great majority of volcanoes are within close proximity to the ocean, it by no means follows that the earth's crust is more substantial inland. The hot-springs of Yellowstone Park and the Dominion Park in Alberta are signs that great heat is not far removed from the surface in those mountainous countries; but one may, perhaps, conclude that the possibility of a seismic wave inland is much reduced by the absence of a large volume of water.

In speculating whether earthquakes are on the increase or otherwise, we must not forget that it is only comparatively within recent years that a systematic record of seismic waves has been kept. But even if they are decreasing in number, owing to the greater resistance offered by the earth's crust, we may certainly expect an increase in violence owing to the same cause, and an increase in the loss of life, owing to the rapid multiplication of the human race. However, we do not appear to worry much whatever happens, and no doubt the Sicilians will soon return to their charming cafes and delightful parks, while grim old Etna returns to slumber, as on the day when the writer sailed from under its towering presence, thinking of the verse of the old Persian poet, more true than consoling:

"And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Where under crawling coopt we live and die;
Lift not they heads to It for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I."

CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, FLORIDA.

Special round trip tourist rates in effect to principal winter resorts. For full information as to rates, routes, etc., apply to any Grand Trunk ticket agent.

"Where do you work, my good man?" "In a powder factory." "Mercy! What a hazardous occupation." "O no, mum. I seldom meets any automobiles on my way to or from work."—Puck.

"I was introduced to your wife today, and she glared at me." "I can't account for that." "I can. I s'pose I'm your scapegoat, you old fraud." —Kansas City Journal.

Mrs. Newlywed—And you may send around some beech-nut bacon with those other groceries. We're all vegetarians at our house, you know. —The Bellman.

The most powerful cause of penury is not want of money, but want of thrift, management, and self-restraint.—Liberty and Progress, Melbourne.

Carrie Nation in Glasgow

Laughable Record of a Day Spent in Attempted Saloon-Smashing in the Scotch City.

CARRIE NATION has been making a large-sized stir in the Old Country, according to the British press. From one of the evening papers of Glasgow this amusing record of her first day's work there is taken:

Mrs. Nation's first "saloon-smashing" raid was made shortly after noon to-day.

She paid a visit to 'Lauder's," at the junction of Renfield and Sauchiehall streets, but it turned out to be a complete fiasco, owing to the too-pressing attentions of the people who followed up to "see the fun."

Leaving her temperance hotel in George street, she proceeded alone on her mission. Wearing an overall of some dark grey material, and a small black bonnet, from which a black motor veil streamed out behind, she presented a striking appearance as she walked along the muddy streets, holding up her skirts with both hands.

Before she had gone many yards up Dundas street, people began to whisper: "There's Carrie." Men began to nudge each other, and point out the lady to their companions. One or two turned in their walk, and followed to see what "hell-house" was to be attacked. In a twinkling the crowd numbered a few dozen, then a hundred or so, and by the time "Lauder's" had been reached it was getting well over the thousand, "swelling wisibly," too, every moment.

When she passed through the swing doors of the well-known public-house the mob threatened to get out of hand altogether.

"Lauder's" was very quiet, however—indeed, had Mrs. Nation known the city she might have been pardoned had she began to doubt whether it was really "Lauder's" she had got into. In the whole establishment there were not half a dozen customers. She entered by the side door and walked into the private bar, afterwards marching past the main counter, apparently looking for someone in charge. Before she could say anything, however, she found herself at the door. Then she turned in the midst of the struggling throng, in which police, public, and publicans' assistants in their white shirt sleeves, were all mixed up in a congested mass. She had only time to utter two or three sentences in her usual "heated" language, when she was hustled, but not roughly, out into Sauchiehall street. The crowd poured out after her, shouting out in the greatest good humor. Once on the pavement the little woman paused, and tried to make a speech about the woe caused by drink. But the crowd was too great, and she found there was nothing for it but to trek back to the hotel.

On her way down Renfield street she was engaged in conversation with a young woman, slatternly dressed in a ragged plaid of faded brown and tattered skirt, with her hair untidily gathered in a 'bob" at the back. They presented a quaint contrast as they walked side by side down the thoroughfare, the cynosure of all eyes. At first Carrie had some difficulty in understanding what the young woman was saying in her Glasgow accent. By-and-bye she had a glimmering of what the request—"Ur ye gaun'e gie's the price o' a drink?"—meant. She sternly told the woman that she was only putting "hell fire" into her mouth.

"An' whit dae you drink?" was the next query, to which Mrs. Nation replied that "she took God's pure water." The Glasgow woman, who looked as if she had not much of an acquaintance with water either for internal or external use, made the comment to Mrs. Nation that "she was wan in a hunner." Then, turning to wave to a companion, she shouted, "Haw, Mary, come on an' hae a tare." Carrie, however, told her she had been drinking, and, after a little homily on fallen womanhood, dismissed her.

In order to escape the crowd, Mrs. Nation executed a clever ruse which enabled her to get into Dundas lane through the doors of an office in George street. While the people were waiting round the office she went through a back door into the lane, and so reached her hotel a few yards away with much difficulty.

On gaining her hotel, Mrs. Nation stated to the reporters that the crowd was too much for her. What she wanted to do was to get away quietly, and bounce on a place suddenly. Referring to her morning's work, she said it was a sad sight for her to see a bare-footed urchin. They would not see such a sight in America.

Asked where she was going next, she said that she had thought in visiting some places after to-night's meeting, but that would be too late. Her future movements would depend on the extent of the crowd.

During the time Mrs. Nation was at lunch a large number of people hung about outside the hotel.

In the afternoon Mrs. Nation made a second "raid," which was attended with even less success than that of the forenoon. Getting out of her hotel by a side door leading to a lane, she managed, by crossing St. Vincent place and taking a short cut through Exchange place, to the Rogano—which is frequented by business men—without attracting much attention. Just as she got to the door, however, the crowd rushed up and attempted to follow her. The majority were stopped at the door. Mrs. Nation's stay inside was of the briefest. She immediately commenced to ejaculate to a group of men at a round table. She said: "Shame on you for putting liquor into your bodies to paralyze your brains!" "Oh, you drunkards!"

Just when the sitters were settling themselves down to enjoy a little bit of comedy, however, two brawny-armed men, with white aprons and bare arms—evidently cellarmen—came forward and caught hold of her. With what seemed undue exertion—looking to the lady's 62 years—the men ran Mrs. Nation out by the back way, where they pushed her into the lane, and then slammed the doors on her. Talking at a great rate all the time, she made her way into Buchanan street, and, a large crowd following, walked back to her hotel.

At first the imperturbable lady seemed "put out" in a double sense at her treatment, but she recovered her equanimity, and on her hotel steps laughingly bade the crowd "good-bye," with a wave of her hand.

"What is your daughter doing now, Mrs. Dagney?" "She's workin' downtown in an office." "I suppose she must get pretty good wages." "Yes, but it's awful hard work. When she come home last night she was all wore out, havin' copied more than 300 letters on a heliotrope."—Chicago Record-Herald.

First Toiler—My doctor ordered me to drink beer for insomnyer. Second Toiler—Can't you sleep, then? First Toiler—Only at night.

THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

Ours is a Place for CIGARS

We receive weekly shipments of fine Cigars from Havana, Cuba, including special packings 25 in a box, suitable for week end trips.

"DIRECT IMPORTERS"

A. CLUBB & SONS, "Only Store" 5 King St. West

B B B

BRIAR PIPES

AWARDED THE GRAND PRIX

FRANCO BRITISH EXHIBITION - LONDON

On Sale at all First-Class Tobacconists

Watson's

Scotch Whisky

Agents—McGaw & Russell, Toronto—Telephone M. 2647

"To Amanda."

OUR bird has gone; there still remains
Careworn and old, Our Cat.
And still she goeth thro' the house,
But never gets a rat.

Her furry skin we like to stroke—
It is so clean and fat.
She looks at us with her sound eye
And thinks with many a pleasant sigh,
How nice to be a Cat.

Alas! Amanda, thou hast got some faults
Which grieve us all—
As when she tries to steal our meat,
Tho' at her we do bawl.

Some day your mistress will get mad,
And then look out for squalls,
As butcher's meat is far too dear
For you to make such hauls.

Thy tooth has gone which we were apt
To mock at and to sneer,
But as I close I hope, dear cat,
You'll see another year.

For we would miss your sleek fair form
Go purring through the house,
And though you seldom see a rat,
You sometimes catch a mouse.

Good-bye, Amanda, for this time
My poem is at an end.
If aught should happen unto thee
I'd lose a dear old friend.

Though others wish thee harm and woe,
Thou'lt see a good old age, I know.
Before grim death shall lay thee low
We may be gone before thee.

—K.K.

A writer in Lippincott's Magazine offers for consideration these bits of business philosophy:

Play is work that you don't have to do.

Never hire a travelling man whose waistcoat is more insistent than his personality.

Don't rise so high in your calling that you see only one side of your fellows.

It's true that a marble statue has no faults,—but then it has no friends, either.

There are plenty of doors labelled "Pull," but the majority, after all, bear the legend "Push."

There are self-made men in this world who ought to be suffering from remorse.

A repertoire company was walking into Paducah, where they were billed to play Romeo and Juliet. The leading man approached the manager, who strode moodily ahead on the ties.

"Boss," he said, "I've got to have fifteen cents."

"Fifteen cents?" growled the manager. "You're always yelling for money. What do you want fifteen cents for?"

"What do I want fifteen cents for?" repeated the leading man bitterly. "I want it for a shave, that's what I want it for. I can't play Romeo with five days' black beard on my face."

"Oh, well!" said the manager, "you won't get no fifteen cents. We'll change the bill to Othello."

It is one of life's little ironies that Dr. Oronhyatekha, with his big brain and unsurpassed administrative ability did less in his whole life to raise the Indian race in the esteem of the masses of people than Tom Longboat, with his long legs, has done in two or three hours.—Hamilton Herald.

Two colored women stood chatting at a Philadelphia street corner. One of them, ostentatiously clad in mourning said, with a doleful shake of the head in reply to a query from the other. "Yas, he died in the height of his zen-ith."—Argonaut.

Psmith—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. Kjones—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

Tom—I ate some of the cake she made just to make myself solid. Dick—Did you succeed? Tom—I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten concrete or building stone.—Utica Herald.

Blobbs—A politician always reminds me of a piano. Slobbs—How so? Blobbs—If he's square he's considered old-fashioned.—Philadelphia Record.

Visitor—Will he bite? Boy—I dunno, yit.—Life.